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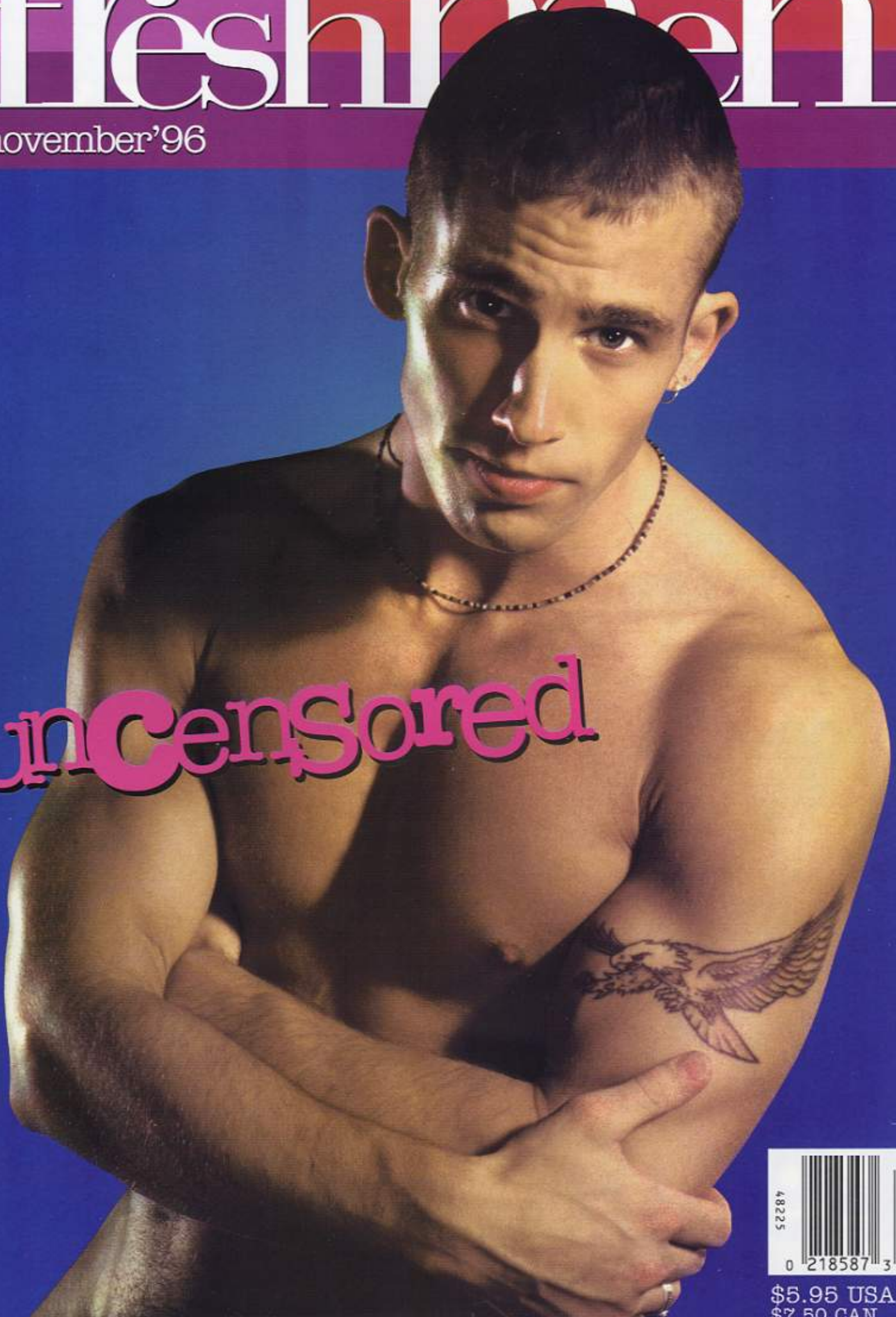

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letters

"Oh, that beautiful **round**, **firm** butt and that perfect **masterpiece** of **meat** you've been endowed with. Oh, oh, oh, **ooh!**"

Stool specimen

Thank you, *FRESHMEN*, for a wonderful birthday present. I've been waiting for the August issue since I saw the "Next" feature in July's issue. Jordan, oh, Jordan, your hair and oh, those hypnotizing eyes! I love your ears, your nose, your mouth, and what a handsome face they make. And what a sculpted body: oh, that beautiful round, firm butt and that perfect masterpiece of meat you've been endowed with. Oh, oh, oh, ooh! Oh, by the way, how much for the stool he posed on? Don't clean the seat.

B.A.
Shreveport, La.

[*Don't clean the seat? Well, to be quite frank, that's not really what I was trying to do when I licked half the varnish off that stool with my very eager tongue, buddy. But I'd have to say, it's sparkling and spotless now. Not a trace of Jordan—if you know what I mean.*—Ed.]

Go ahead and jump

Thanks for showcasing such gorgeous men. Ion Davidov looked so scrumptious in the July 1996 issue, I could just worship that uncut cock and those round buns of his for hours. Then you really outdid yourselves in the August issue with Jordan! I loved the shots of his tattoos; they were awesome. This dude has one of the most beautiful cocks I've ever seen; it could have been used in the men's springboard diving competition in Atlanta!

F.C.
Charlottesville, Va.

[*And I guess you'll be suggesting next that ol' Greg Louganis should have been trying out for the team once more. Well, maybe you've got a point there; if you ask me, it wouldn't be such a bad thing to bang your head against Jordan's personal, uh, diving board.*—Ed.]

Keefer madness

Just a note of appreciation for the August issue. Jordan is wonderful! Keefer and Studio 1435 are producing some of the all-time best images on the market, and, to my thinking, Jordan is the hottest model they've come across yet. The rest of the issue was also excellent, especially the stories by Phil Cole ("Border Crossings") and Grant Foster ("Down by the River").

A.M.
Indianapolis, Ind.

[*Oh, fine. Now I'm going to have to try to explain to the third author why you didn't like his story too. I won't add to his shame by mentioning his name, but he's bound to be heartbroken. Tell me, would it have hurt you to throw around the compliments just a little bit more? Sometimes you people are so damned insensitive. I don't know why I put up with this nonsense. If only I'd gone to beauty school.*—Ed.]

The River Jordan

I have to say that the August issue of *FRESHMEN* is the best I've seen in a long while. When I saw Jordan on the front cover, I knew it was going to be a long night, but when I opened to his pictures, I lost my load in my pants without touching myself. Wow, is he hot! That body, that cock, and those tattoos—

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letters

"Alex **Steel** is the **most**, and I want to get my **claws** on him."

along with the belly-button piercing—drive me nuts.

J.C.
Bethel, Conn.

[*I just stuck a safety pin through my shirt. It didn't exactly pierce my skin, but it's kind of near my navel. So, does that make you hot? Do you want to go out with me? I mean, do you have a big dick or a lot of money?*—Ed.]

Meat racket

I was fully satisfied with the adorable Alex Steel [August 1996]...until flipping a few more pages. Jordan, yeah! Nice bod, tattoos, and then what a blood rush: four climactic center shots, the closest to true erotic art you've come. A wrought-iron antique stool supporting a specimen sporting a forget-Jeff Stryker's-dildo dick of death! Currently this perfectly proportioned penis takes top meat among your gallery.

B.S.
Miami Beach, Fla.

[*Top meat. Is that anything like flank steak or baby back ribs?*—Ed.]

Shameless Steel

Alex Steel is the most, and I want to get my claws on him. His last name is more than self-explanatory: Those abs look as hard as... And I'd have more than one place to put it. If Alex wants to explore my theory further, have him write to me.

J.B.
Bucyrus, Ohio

[*Before I let you mess with sweet, innocent young Alex, I think you have some explaining to do. You say, "Those abs look as hard as..." and then the very next thing you say is that you'd have more than one place to put it. The usual expression is "...as hard as marble" (or some amusing variant thereof), so are you telling me that you have more than one place to put your marbles? Or have you simply lost them altogether? I'm only asking because I don't want to see you and Alex wasting a lot of what could be quality time over a discussion of semantics. He's very precise with the language, you know. Very precise indeed.*—Ed.]

Augustus seizure

From top to bottom, the August issue was the best you've produced thus far in 1996. "Blue Boy" Troy Masters should have been on the cover, and Dan Antal continues Bel Ami's fine tradition of young, uncut European men in simple, natural settings. I look forward to future issues.

C.J.
Macon, Ga.

[*Thanks. I look forward to going home.*—Ed.]

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Major

"I like big uncut dicks."

Little blond bottom boy Bryan Kidd is sitting in the parlor of my glamorous West Hollywood apartment while his bottom-boy (go figure!) husband, exotic fellow porn star Ryan Wagner, lies on the floor looking through the local whore rag. The last time I saw Bryan, I had my fist up his butt in my neighbor's living room and his husband, Ryan, was getting finger-fucked by a porn star friend of mine wearing a mask. This masked molester shall remain nameless lest his identity be uncovered and one big Hollywood agent become angry and fire him for doing a movie without his say-so. Anyway, bubble-butted Bryan burst onto the porn scene under the protective wing of big-girl mother hen Chi Chi LaRue in 1995, and now, at the ripe old age of 26, Bryan's ready to take on anything.

Meat

by jamoo

Jamoo: Bryan Kidd, I just have to laugh because you look like this little boy out of the 1950s, like *Leave It to Beaver*. You look about 14 years old. Is that good or bad?
Bryan: It's good and bad.
Jamoo: Who is your favorite big-dicked porn star you've been with—other than me in that rimming video we did?
Bryan: Hmm. That's a tough one…Max Grand.
Jamoo: Good old Max. Why?
Bryan: Because he's really attractive and has a great dick. And he's uncut—like you, Jamoo.
Jamoo: Yum! Stop kicking your husband in the butt! So, Chi Chi LaRue discovered you?
Bryan: Well, I *made* her discover me.
Jamoo: I'm having a déjà vu. Didn't your husband get discovered the same way? Anyway, continue.
Bryan: I went to her birthday party last November.
Jamoo: I was running around there in a kilt and didn't see you. Probably because I was drinking those cheap cocktails they were serving. But continue.
Bryan: So Chi Chi said, "Let me see your stomach," and then, "I want to get some Polaroids of you, and we'll get you in movies." So the next weekend I was working.
Jamoo: In what?
Bryan: *My Sister's Husband.*
Jamoo: Did you do your sister's husband?
Bryan: No, I was just the neighbor.
Jamoo: Who did you do?
Bryan: Mike Nichols. Big dick!
Jamoo: Did you always want to be in porn?
Bryan: No.
Jamoo: It just happened?
Bryan: Well, I moved to L.A. from Cincinnati.

LEFT, RYAN WAGNER; RIGHT, BRYAN KIDD: PHOTOS BY ALL WORLDS

Major Meat: Bryan Kidd

Jamoo: What did you do there?
Bryan: I worked in a bar, bar backing.
Jamoo: You look like a little bar back. What was the dive called?
Bryan: Carol's Corner Café.
Jamoo: How cute! Would you go back there and dance?
Bryan: Yeah, I would. I went to Indianapolis and danced.
Jamoo: You've stripped?
Bryan: It was the first time I'd ever done it.
Jamoo: Did you do it with your husband?
Bryan: Yeah. Not exactly a duo thing, but he went up onstage, and I went up onstage after he did.
Jamoo: Were you nervous? What did you wear?
Bryan: I was, and I wore shorts and a G-string.
Jamoo: Was it fun? Did everybody love you?
Bryan: Yeah!
Jamoo: Did you get a lot of tips?
Bryan: Yeah.
Jamoo: The last time you were at my house, I almost got my fist in your butt. Have you ever had a fist in your butt?
Bryan: Not quite.
Jamoo: Is that something you'd be interested in?
Bryan: Yeah, definitely.
Jamoo: What's the biggest thing you've ever had up your butt?
Bryan: I have something at home that I've been playing with and working on getting in my butt. It's only about 7¼ inches. I've been pretty close to being fisted by Ryan, so I'm getting there. We're working on it.
Jamoo: Are you a nasty little boy?
Bryan: I'm nasty in some respects. I love ass play, so I like to have things up my ass. In that respect I'm very nasty. I'm as nasty as you can get. But I'm not quite into scat.
Jamoo: *E-e-ew!* So what wild things does Bryan Kidd have planned for the future?
Bryan: I'd love to do some fisting movies. To me, nothing's hotter than seeing an ass getting fisted. I'd love to be able to deal with two hands. So if a company like Hot House or Falcon were to use me, it'd be like–
Jamoo: A dream come true! What kind of penises do you like?
Bryan: I like big uncut dicks, like Max Grand's and Blue Blake's. They just feel good in my butt.
Jamoo: Does an uncut dick feel better in your butt?
Bryan: It's been my experience that it does.
Jamoo: Who would you like to work with?
Bryan: Uh...Danny Somers.
Jamoo: But isn't he a bottom too?
Bryan: I don't care.
Jamoo: You both could share a double dildo! Do you find it easy being in porn and having a boyfriend who's a porn star? Do you guys understand each other–like, when you go to the set, you know it's going to be long and boring with hot lights shining in your face and lube dripping everywhere?
Bryan: It's easier than having a boyfriend who's not in the industry and is trying to understand why I'm doing what I'm doing. It's easier than having someone who just works a 9-to-5 job.
Jamoo: What are you guys doing together in the industry? Have you worked together?
Bryan: We've done a couple of projects together, actually.
Jamoo: Who topped, and who bottomed?
Bryan: One was an oral scene, and the other was...we were just, like, side-by-side bottoms.
Jamoo: Is it hot getting fucked and looking over and watching your boyfriend getting fucked?
Bryan: It can be, depending on who's topping and how good-looking they are.
Jamoo: Who was fucking you, and who was fucking Ryan?
Bryan: Michael White fucked him in a sling and me on a table and then fucked us both side by side.
Jamoo: Is he cute?
Bryan: Sure, I guess.
Jamoo: You can say in the interview if he's gross or not.
Bryan: He's actually pretty attractive.
Jamoo: What type of guys do you like?
Bryan: Little Latino and Asian boys.
Jamoo: As you look at your boyfriend and say that! Aside from him, what type do you like?
Bryan: Little-boy types.
Jamoo: So you don't get off on big bodybuilder types?
Bryan: Nope.
Jamoo: Is that what they usually put you with?

videography

Cat Men Do Catalina

Cockfight All Worlds

Flesh and Blood
All Worlds

Law of Desire Minotaur

Like Father Like Son
All Worlds

Lip Lock All Worlds

My Sister's Husband
All Worlds

Slurp Catalina

Undercover Mustang

Bryan: More often than not. They like the contrast in size. I got raped by Blue Blake in a movie for All Worlds. I was a little peasant boy, and it was a war in, like, Eastern Europe.
Jamoo: Did you have to have an accent?
Bryan: I did. I kept saying, "Don't!" and "Stop!"
Jamoo: Then you were like, "Oh, stop, don't, please...don't stop, please don't stop!"
Bryan: He's a big guy and a good actor. It was realistic and kind of "playing the victim."
Jamoo: You guys live in San Diego. What do you do in your spare time?
Bryan: Play on the computer or just watch TV.
Jamoo: So you stay home and munch on Ryan's butt?
Bryan: Mmm-hmm!
Jamoo: You say that with great enthusiasm. Tell me about any movies you've recently done.
Bryan: There are a couple, actually. I'm in *Cockfight*, and it's based on *Billy Budd*. I play the Billy Budd character, so I get to be sought after by a few people. It was my first big movie: four days of production. Cole Youngblood was in it.
Jamoo: Stop the presses! Cole Youngblood! Did you work with him?
Bryan: I didn't get to do a scene with him, but I met him.
Jamoo: You didn't get to see his 11-inch dick?
Bryan: I got to see it all. I got to see it go up Rip Stone's ass and Blue Blake's ass.
Jamoo: Oh, damn, boy, I'm getting hard! What was your other movie?
Bryan: I did one for Jerry Douglas called *Flesh and Blood*. I was with Kurt Young in that. It was a good experience also, because of the good script, and it was really fun to do.
Jamoo: Growing up in Illinois, when did you realize that you liked boys?
Bryan: I was 8–in the second grade.
Jamoo: How was high school for you, a little blond gay boy?
Bryan: It was horrible, actually. I grew up in a small-town farm community.
Jamoo: Did you feed the chickens and stuff?
Bryan: No chickens, but we had ducks and a couple of sheep, a cow, and a pig–more as pets than anything else.
Jamoo: Bryan, I'm so smart and observant that I just noticed you have a tattoo of Bamm Bamm from *The Flintstones* on your lower calf. Let's talk about that. You look kind of like Bamm Bamm, actually.

"When I was young I was **intrigued,** so I **stuck** a screwdriver in my **ass.**"

Bryan: That's actually probably why I have it. When I lived in Cincinnati, I hung out with some club kids–
Jamoo: I didn't know they had clubs there!
Bryan: Not that many, but they do have some. One day some friends and I went to the grocery store and got some temporary tattoos, and one was of Bamm Bamm, and everybody started calling me Bamm Bamm. So now when people ask me why, I tell them it's for obvious reasons.
Jamoo: You fuck hard, like, Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! So do you enjoy being a bottom and getting anal stimulation? When you were a teenager, did you stick things in your butt?
Bryan: Yeah. I was intrigued by the fact that somebody could take something as big as a dick up their ass.
Jamoo: What about that Ryan Wagner? He's such a slut, he'll take anything up his rear end. Not really, Ryan.
Bryan: He's just kidding. When I was young I was intrigued, so I stuck a screwdriver in my ass. The first time I got fucked, it did kind of hurt–but not for long.
Jamoo: You were like, "Ooh, you found the spot! Ride, ride, *ride* that doggy!"
Bryan: He was actually pretty lame, but I shouldn't say that.
Jamoo: Why? He's history, and you're a glamorous porn star now. You're sitting in my house; that means you've arrived!
Bryan: I don't think I really started enjoying bottoming until Ryan taught me how to.
Jamoo: Ryan, do you want to break into the interview and tell us what you taught him?
Ryan Wagner: I just taught him how to be a good bottom.
Jamoo: Did you keep Bryan strapped to the bed for 24 hours and have a dildo shoved up his ass, like, "You're supposed to take it!"?
Bryan: Actually, I'm like, "How come you're taking that dildo out of my ass? Don't take the butt plug out yet!"
Jamoo: And when it does come out, everything falls out? Like Steven Scarborough, half of the crew of Hot House, three VCRs, a cameraman...
Bryan: Cameraman Greg Mocha falls out of my ass.
Jamoo: And he's saying, "We got some really good close-up shots of the dick coming up your ass as I was crouched behind your kidneys!"

You are some sick puppies, and we need to end this interview so I can fuck you both! ●

Recently I came out to my family. I took my brother

head 2 head

to his favorite bar to tell him, hoping he wouldn't make a scene there. His reaction was so good, it surprised me. The beer kept flowing, and so did my secrets. Eventually I confessed that I had wanted to suck his cock ever since we were kids. We ended up at my place, where I fulfilled my wish twice, and we greeted the rising sun with his fucking my ass. Over the next two months we got together four or five times a week. He said that no woman could suck cock like I could and that he got a rush watching me swallow his come. He also liked not having to use a condom when fucking. But the past few weeks we've hardly gotten together at all. Then, a couple of days ago, he said we shouldn't have sex anymore because we're brothers. When I pressed him he confessed that he was getting his cock sucked by a guy at work and was planning on fucking the guy later that night. He thanked me for opening up a whole new world to him. Even though he never reciprocated, my brother is a hell of a top. I'm so hurt and jealous that he'd leave me for a kid practically half his age that I'm thinking of telling his wife about his new sex life. What should I do?

Tell your sister-in-law nothing. You're upset that your little fling has ended, but your brother was never "yours" to begin with. The fact of the matter is that he was probably just exploring "a whole new world" and that you were a convenient, nonthreatening avenue for this exploration. Now that he's ready to move on to a bisexual life of his own, he no longer needs a tutor.

Keep in mind that incest is a taboo in our society—gay incest included—and that you can't just go around being screwed by your brother. If you have some confused or unresolved feelings toward him, a counselor may be helpful in working them out. Regardless, pining away for him when you can't have him will prevent you from achieving a true, fulfilling relationship with a man of your own.

If your brother is screwing around with guys (especially without condoms), his wife will find out soon enough.

I'm in love with a guy who's in the Army. No problems with that in itself, but it seems likely that he's going to be transferred someplace far away within the next few months, and, well, out of sight, out of mind—I'm afraid he won't come back. Any suggestions?

If you don't want to lose him, tell him how you feel and ask him to marry you. If he says yes, either start making some plans to transfer with him or start making some plans to ensure that his happy home with you will be waiting when his tour of duty is done. If he says no, have as good a time as you can while he's around and don't bother crying till he's gone.

I'm just so overcome by the gorgeous guys who work in my office, I can't sit still. Yeah, of course I can't get any work done, but more to the point, I can't get any of them to notice me. What can I do, doctor?

Same thing you do to get to Carnegie Hall: practice. Within the limits of your particular company's style, dress attractively without dressing provocatively. Shave before work, not after. Use a gentle skin conditioner if too much shaving makes you break out. Don't forget to bathe. Meet your deadlines without visible sweat and without complaining. When you make pleasant conversation around the water-cooler or its equivalent, find a way to be genuinely interested in what other people have to say—ask questions and then ask follow-up questions that show you've listened to the answers. Don't offer proof of your vast charm, superior intellect, or extensive "trophy" fucks; if you're smart, charming, and good in bed, it will all become apparent in due course. Don't jump at the first invitation to do something, especially if you're not interested in either the activity or the person. Hold out for something you care about and someone you'd really like to spend a day or an evening with—even if you don't get laid or married. If you don't like yourself, learn to; if you like yourself too much, learn not to. Have a good time and let others have a good time too.

Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.*

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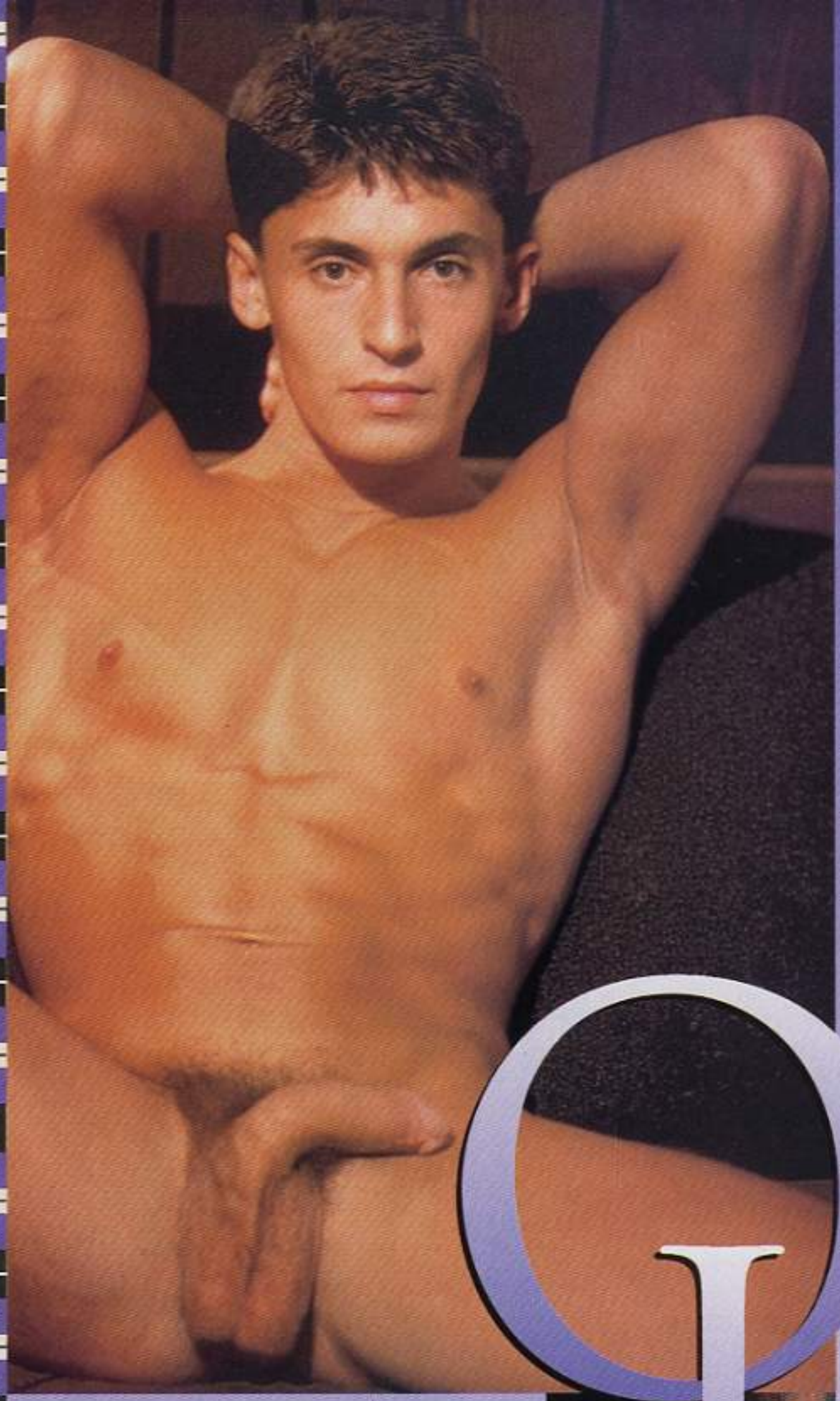

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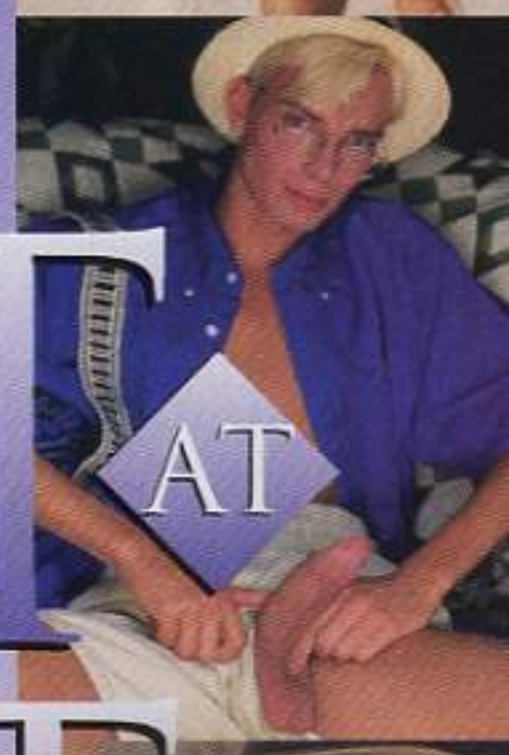

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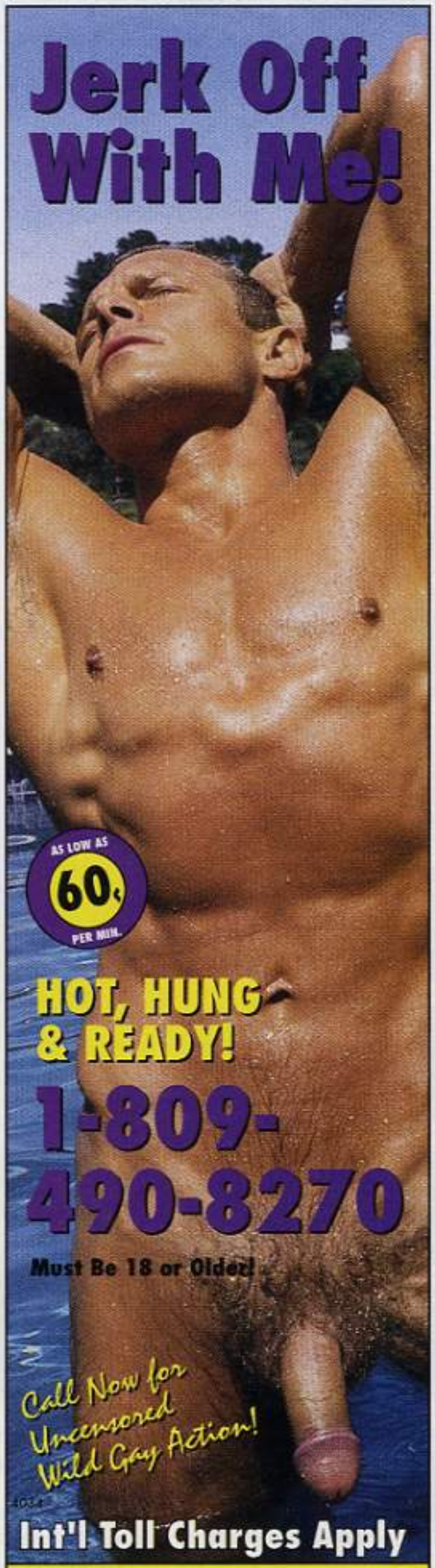
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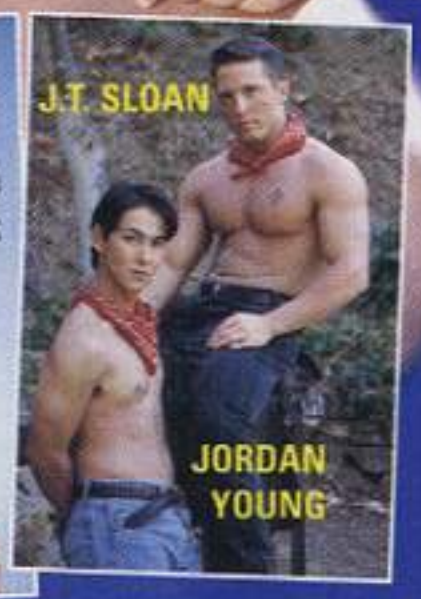

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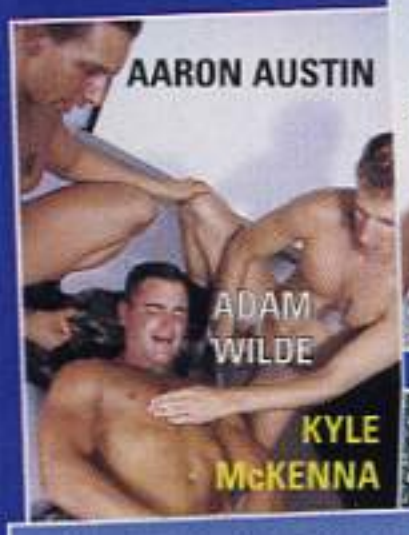

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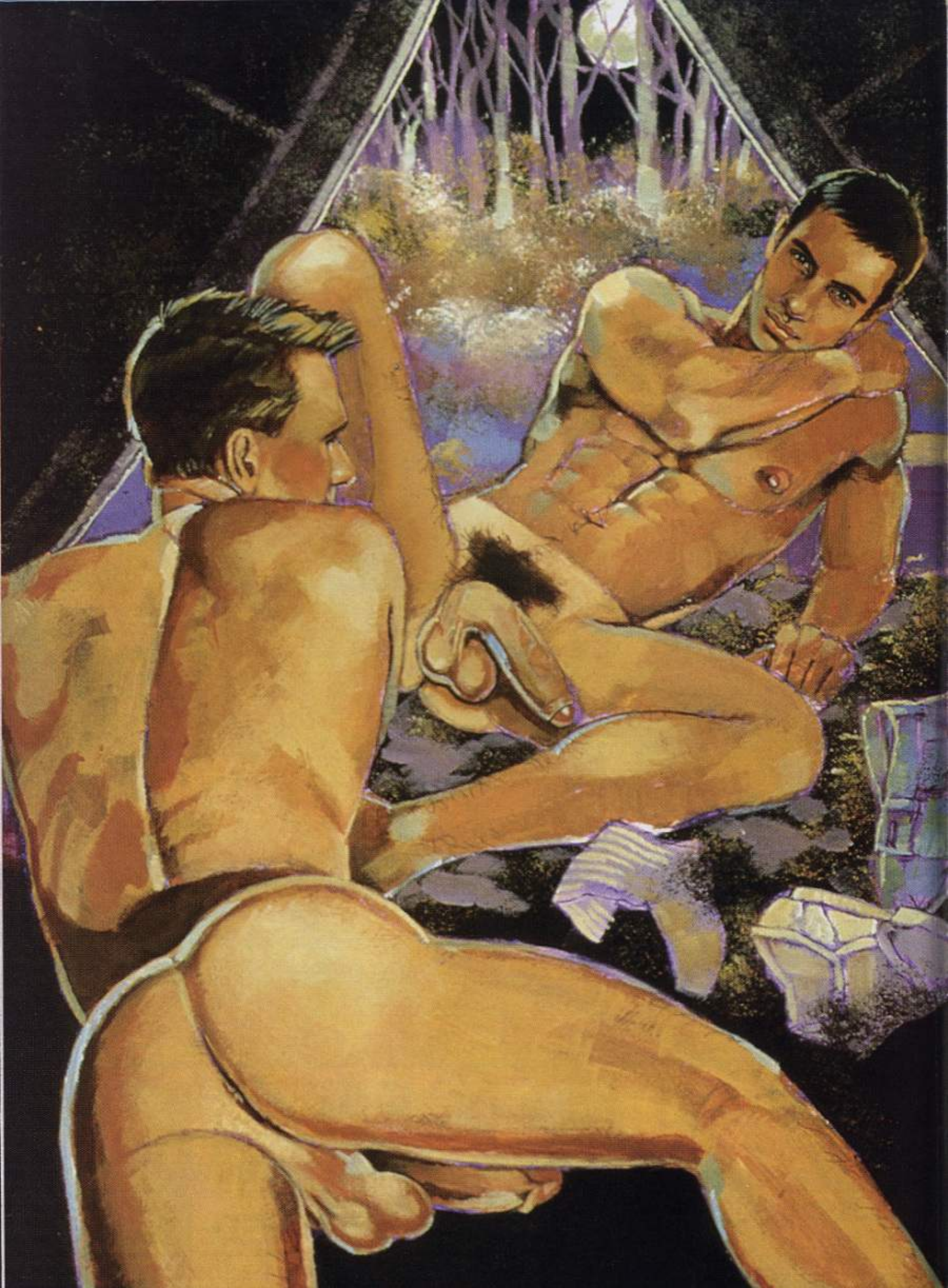


Meanwhile, Back in the Woods. . .

by Lew Dwight

Illustration by Kent

"You think we should zip it up?"

"If we leave it unzipped, we can lie back and watch the sky get dark. If it gets buggy, I'll zip it closed."

"OK. Look at that big moon rising. It looks like a skull."

"I think it looks like a giant tit."

"Leave it to you to think the moon is a tit."

"Or a butt. A big white butt bending over in the sky."

"Mooning us."

"Ha. A comedian."

"Jack?"

"Yeah?"

"Where do you think the other guys are?"

"Probably back at the camp by now. They've most likely stopped looking for us now that it's getting dark, so we'll just have to stay put. That's what they always taught us: If you get lost, stay put until someone finds you."

"You think they'll find us in the morning?"

"By tomorrow night, most likely."

"Tomorrow night? Damn, that's a long time away."

"Then we'd better find a productive way to use our time."

"Should we light a signal fire?"

"Why bother? They can't search until first light anyway. Besides, I wouldn't want to draw any unfriendlies."

"Unfriendlies?"

"That's right. You never know who or what might be lurking in these woods."

"Damn. What should we do?"

"Just relax, Charlie. Hang in there."

"OK. Why are you taking off your pants and shirt already, Jack?"

"It's a muggy night, and we're certainly not going anywhere. The air will feel good on my skin."

"Great idea. I think I'll take off my shirt."

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

"It's OK."

"Don't worry, Charlie. We'll have a blast out here waiting for them to find us."

"I hope so."

"That moon is so bright, it's starting to cast shadows. I can even see the shadow of my hand against your stomach. Look. See?"

"Yeah. You look as white as a ghost, Jack, except for that stripe of hair down your chest. You're pretty hairy."

"Yeah. Jesus, it's hot tonight."

"Yeah. Maybe I should take off my pants too."

"It'll feel great, I promise."

"You're right, Jack. It feels great. It's actually kind of nice being lost out here like this, no one around for miles."

"That's right, Charlie. It's best just to take it easy while we're lost. There's nothing we can do now."

"I'm glad I ended up with you, Jack. I feel safe out here with you."

"Thanks, Charlie. You sure you can trust me, though?"

"I hope so. Any reason I shouldn't?"

"If there is any, you'll find out tonight."

"I guess so. My life's in your hands. I don't know shit about this area. I couldn't find my way out of here with a map. Did you just peel off your underpants?"

"Yeah. Fucking heat."

"But the tent flap's wide open."

"So? Who's going to see, the bears in the woods? I'll just piss on them."

"Jesus."

"What's the matter with you? You act like you've never been next to a naked man before."

"Not someone like you, Jack."

"Take your own underpants off. You won't feel so uncomfortable."

"No way."

"No? How about if I pull them off of you myself?"

"You wouldn't do that to me, would you, Jack?"

"I might try anything out here. And you could scream all you wanted, and no one would hear you."

"OK, then, here goes. There."

"How does it feel?"

"Strange. But nice. I like the air against– What are you doing now, Jack?"

"Playing with my dick a little. I'm bored, and whenever I get bored I play with my dick. You should try it."

"Aren't you embarrassed?"

"Why should I be? What are you going to do, call the police on me? You don't have to roll away from me, Charlie."

"I just want to lie on my stomach and watch the moon awhile."

"Fucking liar."

"What do you mean?"

"You rolled on your stomach because your dick's getting hard. Don't play innocent with me."

"Jack–"

"Come on, man, let me see it. Whew, Charlie, you got a big dick on you. The full moon get you hard like that?"

"You bastard!"

"No need to cross your legs, Charlie. I can see it. We're two horny dudes lost out in the woods. This was bound to happen sooner or later."

"Cut it out, will you?"

"Damn, Charlie. You act just like a woman. You're getting me all worked up."

"The hell I do!"

"See what I mean?"

"I ain't no woman!"

"No, but you can act like one. Come on, I'll be the daddy, and you be the mommy."

"Fuck you. Ow!"

"What do you mean, 'ow'? I close my hand around your hard dick, and you say 'ow'?"

"Oh…God…"

"Feels good, doesn't it? Just lie back and relax, Charlie. See? Ain't it nice? No one around for miles. No one but you and me. You got a big, curvy dick on you, Charlie. In this light it looks like a big peeled cucumber. Let me keep stroking it like this, and by the time I'm finished with you, you'll be as supple as nothing."

"Oh, man."

"That's right, Charlie, fuck my fist a little while I stroke your dick. I want to see how hard it can get."

"I don't believe this, man."

"Believe it. You ain't seen nothing yet. Ain't you gonna put your hand on my dick?"

"I guess so."

"Ah. Attaboy."

"How's that?"

"Real nice."

"Man, is it thick. Like a club."

"People say it's like a baseball bat."

"Hey, what's this thing, Jack?"

"That's my foreskin, Charlie. You don't have one because you were probably born in a hospital. I was born at home."

"It's sticky, like putty. And wet."

"It's fucking hot out, Charlie. My foreskin always gets sticky like that when it's hot out. Plus there's the fact that you're playing with it."

"Smells funny, man."

"You should taste it, Charlie."

"That's gross."

"How about if I taste yours first?"

"Oh, Jesus!"

"Nice, ain't it?"

"Fuck, Jack. I can't believe you. Oh, man. How do you get the whole thing in your mouth like that? Damn. Why'd you stop? Hey, what are you doing, man?"

"I'm going to kneel over your head, Charlie, and you're going to lick the underside of my balls."

"No way, man."

"What do you mean? One good turn deserves another. There, now just look straight up and open your mouth. Oh, yeah, just like that. Move your tongue along that tender spot behind my ball sac. That drives me crazy, man. I'm going to pay you back handsomely for this, Charlie. Now, when I move forward just let the tip of your tongue drag along that hairy strip from the back of my nuts to my– Fuck! Charlie, I didn't tell you to tongue me there! But keep at it, keep doing it, it feels good, man. Oh, yeah, lick the whole thing with your tongue. It makes me hard as a rock. OK, Charlie, heads up. Let me jam my sticky foreskin in your mouth now. Lean up a little. Oh, man, take it. *Yeah!* Sorry, I'll go easy. I wouldn't want to gag you. There. Just suck the whole length of it awhile. You'll get used to it. Man, Charlie, the inside of your mouth is warm and silky, like some wet pussy. OK, now jack on it a little. That's it. Pull my foreskin all the way up so it closes over the head. Now run your tongue up under the skin. That's it, around and around. Chew my foreskin and pull it in your teeth. You've got me all primed now, Charlie. I'm ready to go."

"Not in my mouth!"

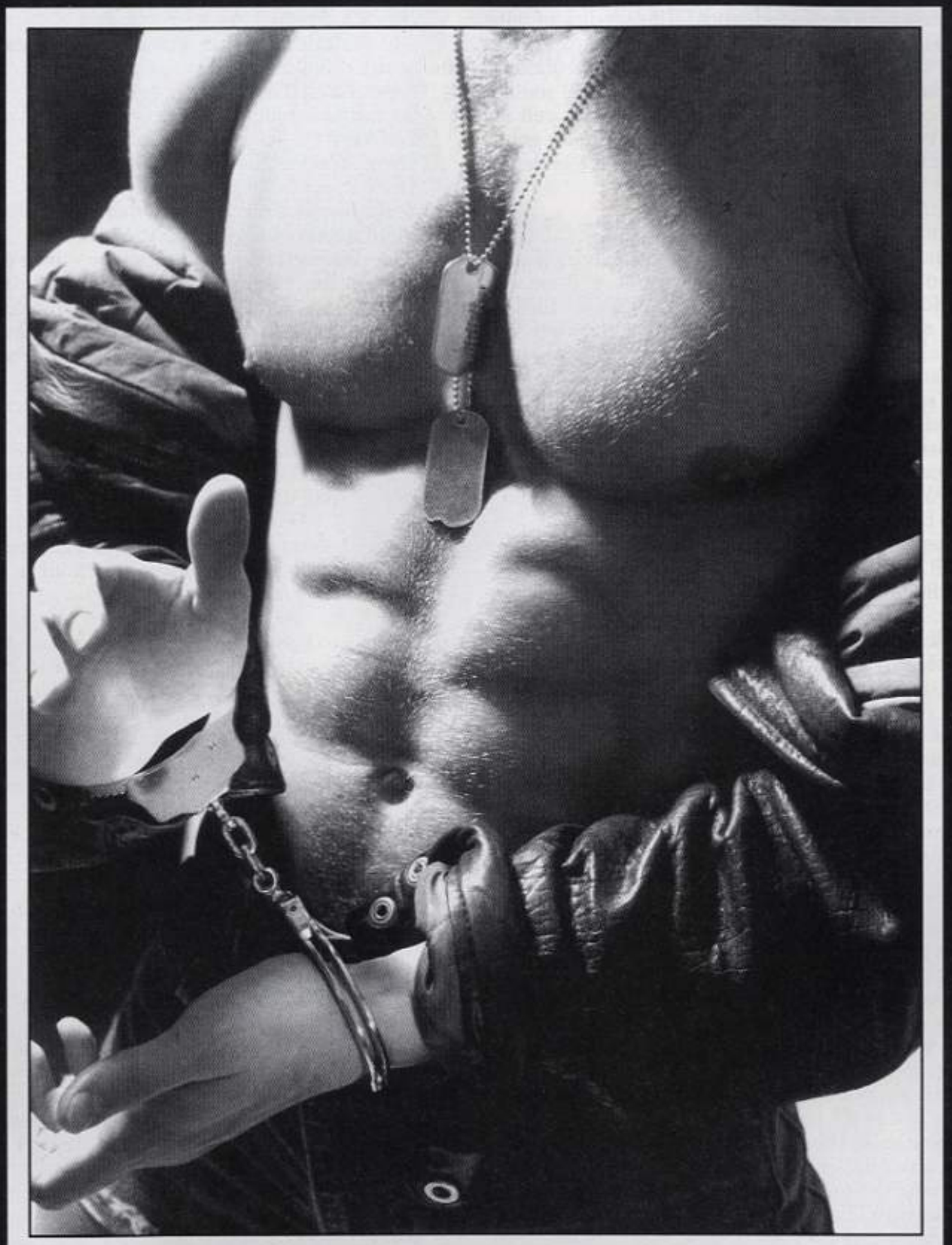
"That's not what I mean. I'm ready to go to the next stage. I'm going to fuck you, Charlie. I'm going to stick my dick up inside your ass."

"No way, Jack. I've never had anything up there before, and you'll never get that thing inside of me. It's too huge."

"Oh, just watch me, Charlie. I know what I'm doing. I can be gentle but persistent. I'll work at it and tend it like some fine piece of machinery. I'll make you feel things you never dreamed of before."

"What's the matter with you? You act like you've never been next to a naked man before."

The Dungeon



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"I don't know; it seems kind of weird. If any of the other guys find out you did something like that to me..."

"Any of the other guys? You have any idea how many of them I've drilled? Don't jump like that Charlie, I'm just going to work my finger in while I talk to you. Why do you think the other guys like me so much? This fat dick of mine is famous. They can't believe it when I manage to get this monster up their asses and they actually like it! I'm about to give you a life lesson in bonding, my boy. There, you see how your butt hole kind of winks closed when I pull my finger out? You'll learn to control that. Just push out gently while I push in past the first knuckle. There, you feel that?"

"Yeah."

"How is it?"

"Weird. Different."

"You want to try to take my dick now? Don't be scared, Charlie. I'm your buddy. We're in this together, you know. We don't know for sure if anyone will ever find us, so let's try to make the best of this night together. Are you with me?"

"OK. What'll I do?"

"That's a sport! All you've got to do is lie back and listen to me and tell me how it's going. I have a feeling you're really going to like it, Charlie."

"Try squeezing another finger in first. Ow! There. OK. Yeah, like that. That's better. Oh, man, Jack. I can't believe this—I'm actually starting to get into it."

"I can tell by the way you're moving your ass while I finger-fuck you. You're really getting supple, just like I said you would. I'm going to pull my fingers out now."

"OK...*uhh!*"

"How was that?"

"Fine."

"OK, now lie back with this bedroll in the small of your back. Good. Now I'm going to tip you way back—"

"Whoa!"

"—so I can get your legs hooked over my shoulders. This is the position we're going to use, Charlie. But first—"

"What are you— Oh! Is that your tongue?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's really nasty. But nice. Why should something so nasty feel so nice?"

"There. You have lots of spit on your butt hole now. Let me gob some on my dick too. We're ready for our initial approach. Spread out your butt cheeks a little with your hands, Charlie. It might help widen the target while I aim for it in the dark. Wait a minute, I have an idea. Let's turn around so the moon is shining in at the right angle for me to see what I'm doing."

"What about using the flashlight?"

"No, we have those unfriendlies to worry about, remember? Can you imagine what they'd do if they saw the light and came here and found me with my dick up your ass?"

"Right. Is this a better position?"

"Perfect. I can see the moon glistening on the spit in your crack. Now, spread 'em out wide, like before. As I lean forward just let your knees bend back to your shoulders. Did I touch the spot yet?"

"Not yet. Slide it lower. Oh, I can feel it. The head's right against my hole. Man, this seems like it's impossOh, Jack!"

"Just relax, baby. I'll take it easy. One centimeter at a time, if I have to. I'll pump my hips gently until your butt hole decides to open on its own. I won't force it. Talk to it, Charlie. Coax it open."

"I'm trying to, Jack. I think you got half of the head in. Oh, man, I can feel the pressure."

"Just think wide. Let go, Charlie. Let it ride."

"Oh...it's slipping! *A-a-ah!* Is it in?"

"Oh, yeah, it's in. And I'm sliding deeper. Your butt hole's like this tight ring around my shaft."

"*E-e-e! A-a-ah!* Easy, Jack! Easy!"

"I'm taking her all the way down, Charlie. You feel it?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"There. You feel that? I'm in up to the hilt."

"Yes?"

"Yeah. Just lie there and soak that up awhile. Yeah. Move your butt a little. Hump me back. Mmm—"

"Your dick's so big. It can't be all the way in there, can it?"

"Sure it can. You're taking it like a man, Charlie. You must really like me. That was a snap. Now comes the fun part: I'm going to pull it out and shove it back in again. We'll see how well it slides. Not a peep from you, huh, Charlie? Does that mean you like it?"

"Oh, yeah. Oh, Jack. Do it again. Drag it out again. Slowly, slowly...*uhh!* Now slip it back in. Oh, it's easy, man. It's like I've always known how to do it. Oh, that's it. Ride it faster, Jack. Ride my ass!"

"Fuck, Charlie, you learn quick. You're as open as a cunt now. Let me jam this thing right to the bottom and hold it there. How's that feel?"

"It feels kind of funny. It's like I have no control, but I do. If I didn't have some control, it would hurt like hell, I just know it. But this doesn't hurt—it just feels...funny."

"You're a bright boy, Charlie. You know how to ride a dick the right way. Now for the final touch...a little dollop of spit on my hand. Now move your ass. Ride my pole while I polish your knob."

"Mmm, Jack, that's fantastic. That makes me feel like I wanna come."

"I can tell. You're wiggling your ass. Your dick is swollen as fat as a ripe plum. It's like it's going to burst."

"Yeah, and here it comes!"

"Not yet, Charlie! Let me get some more of that butt before you pop. Is this hurting you?"

"No way, man. Keep it moving! Faster! So I can hear your balls slapping my ass!"

"Yeah! We're doing it together now, Charlie! Fuck my hand while I fuck your ass!"

"I'm coming!"

"Shoot it! Aw, did you see, Charlie? Your come arced right up over your head in the moonlight. Look at those stripes glistening against your chest."

"Wow! That was intense."

"And now...my turn. Let me pull out Fucking bitch!"

"Jesus, Jack. You flooded my chest."

"Oh, yeah. Oh, man. That was like the last time I'm ever going to come. Oh, fuck. Oh..."

"Hey, Jack? I think I've got more juice left in me. I don't know about you, but I think I can come a few more times tonight. Hell, we haven't even tried it on my stomach yet. You could lie on top of me and fuck me from behind. How's that sound? And then there's the fact that I haven't fucked you yet. What do you say, Jack? We've got all the time in the world before they find us, don't we? *Jack?*"

"*Zzz.*" ●

"There. You have lots of spit on your butt hole now. Let me gob some on my dick too..."

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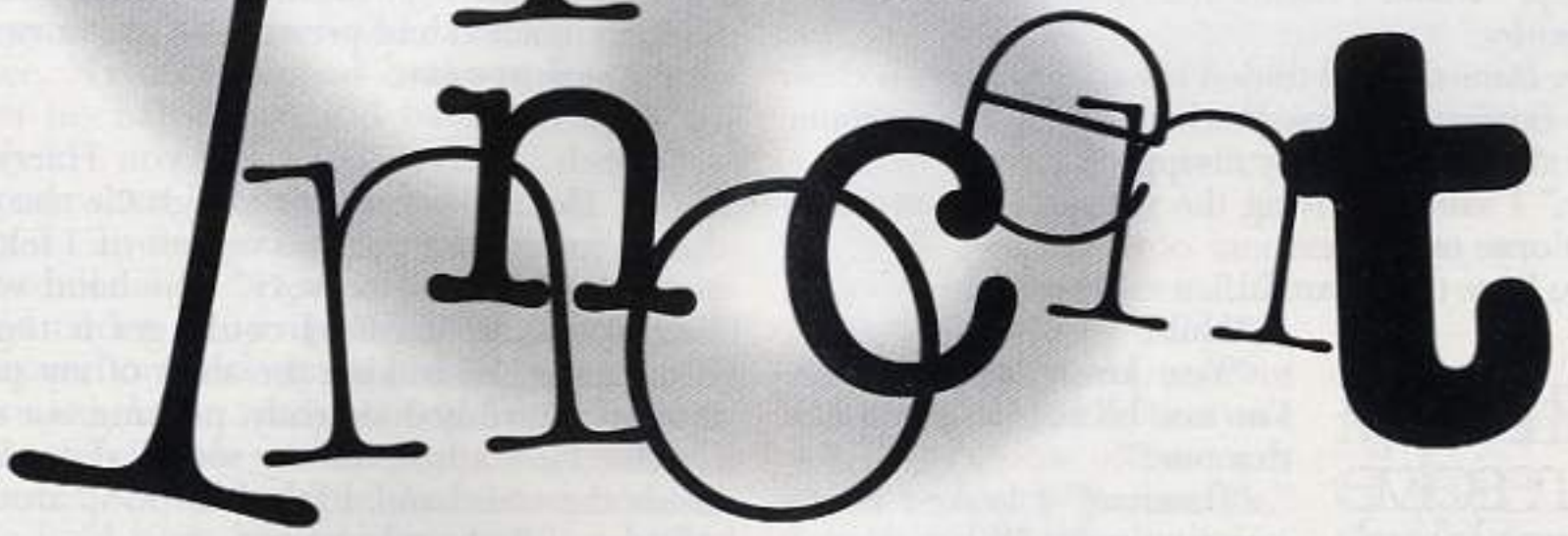
The Incident

by Michael Cavanaugh



"Coach Martin?"

"Damien. What can I do for you?" I felt a tightness in my chest when I looked up at him. Damien Foster was without doubt one of the most handsome young men I had ever seen. Most of my senior athletes were still just overgrown kids, plagued by pimples and bouts of adolescent clumsiness. Damien had bypassed that stage and, at the age of 18, had the features and physique of a mature man. I surreptitiously scanned his sweat-sheened body and admired the swell of his chest, the carved ridges of his abs, his perfectly muscled calves, and then locked eyes with him. There was a deep furrow between his dark eyebrows. He was obviously in pain.

"I think I pulled a muscle in my groin, Coach. It really hurts." His luminous gray eyes glistened with unshed tears. "Could you look at it, please? If it isn't too much trouble?"

"No trouble at all, Damien. Come on in." He limped into my office, closing the door behind him.

"Sit right here," I said, indicating the corner of my cluttered desk. Built into a corner of the locker room, the tiny cubicle that served as my office was too small to accommodate a second chair. He perched his tight, beautifully rounded ass on the scarred wood and leaned back, bracing his hands behind him.

"Which leg?"

"The left, Coach." I knelt in front of him and put my hand on the inside of his thigh, feeling the hard ridges of muscle, the silky skin, the heat of his young body.

"There?" I pressed the muscle gently.

"Higher." He spread his legs wider as my fingers pushed up into the leg of his nylon shorts.

"Damien, you weren't working out without your jock, were you?" His fat balls had spilled out and were pressing against my knuckles. The tightness in my chest was rapidly increasing.

"No, sir." He looked down at me innocently, making no effort to cover himself. "I was getting ready to hit the showers, but when I was taking off my shoes, it hurt so much, I decided to come and see you. I'm sorry, Coach."

"No problem," I muttered, struggling to ignore the tendrils of damp pubic hair that curled around my fingers as I continued to probe. I also struggled—unsuccessfully—to ignore the pale, blue-veined stalk of his cock as it drooped into view, nestling on top of his big, barely fuzzy nuts. I looked away, only to find myself staring at the faint, downy line of hair that trickled from his navel to the waistband of his shorts.

"Right there. Ow!" He leaned forward, his right hand pressing my hand into his crotch, his left clamped firmly on my shoulder. I probed the painful area gently but felt no knots or sponginess in the tissue that might indicate damage.

"I...I don't think it's serious," I stammered. He still held my hand tightly in place, and I was hardly inclined to fight to get it back.

"It feels better when you massage it, Coach," he murmured breathlessly. The sole of his bare foot pressed against the inside of my left thigh, and his toes inched up toward the rapidly growing lump packed into my jockstrap. I desperately needed to move away but felt totally powerless to do so. He was so sweet, so young, so—

"Hey, Harry." The door burst open, and I jumped guiltily to my feet.

"Bill." Bill Reinosky taught chemistry and mathematics, and he was a good friend of mine. He was the only other gay teacher on the staff, which, in addition to our mutual

SOURCE PHOTO: BEL AMI

addiction to wilderness hiking and cross-country skiing, had given us enough in common to cement a good friendship. When we'd first met I'd had a crush on him. Unfortunately, he had been in a relationship at the time, and nothing had come of it. Now Bill was single again, but I wasn't sure how to suggest that we add sex to our friendship.

"I came by to ask if you were ready for lunch. I see you're busy." His disapproving tone brought the blood rushing to my face.

"Uh, Damien has a pulled muscle. Nothing serious."

"I hope not."

"I have to get to class," Damien said, brushing against me as he stood up. "Thanks, Coach. It feels much better now. Bye, Mr. Reinosky."

"Good-bye, Damien." Bill folded his arms across his chest and watched Damien as he walked across the locker room. His limp had almost completely disappeared.

"I'm ready," I said, removing the whistle from my neck and tossing it onto my desk.

"Harry, you have to be careful."

"Huh?"

"You know what I mean. I'm not blind. Be careful of that one."

All of my resolve crumbled, and I wrapped my arms around my handsome young student.

"Damien?" I looked at Bill questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that." He stared pointedly at my crotch. I glanced down, then cupped my hands over the twitching hard-on that was tenting my pants. "Wise up, Harry. That young man is a walking wet dream. I've heard the talk about him around school. He's hotter than a firecracker, and he uses that perfect face and body to get what he wants. What he wants is sex with every hot man who crosses his path." He looked me up and down. "I'd say you fit the bill, Harry. My guess is that he currently has his eye on you." Bill lowered his voice. "Was he coming on to you just now?"

"Of course not, Bill. He had a pulled muscle. Don't make a big deal out of it. I just can't believe he's the sexual predator you say he is."

"I'm just telling you what I see, buddy. You're much too pure to notice." I started to argue with him, but one look at his face told me it would be useless. Instead I grabbed my warm-up jacket and followed him out of my office to the cafeteria.

That night, the doorbell rang as I was getting ready for bed. I had just grabbed my jeans when the ringing of the bell was augmented by frantic pounding. I dropped the pants and loped to the front of the house, figuring that my impatient visitor would just have to deal with my Jockey shorts.

"Coach Martin!"

"Damien. What happened?" His shirt was torn and dirty, and there were streaks of dirt on his cheek and arm. He looked at me, tears streaming, then flung his arms around my neck and began to sob. I pushed the door shut and held him, excruciatingly aware of his body and the heat of his breath and tears against my bare shoulder. After a few moments the sobbing subsided and Damien looked into my eyes. He was close, too close for comfort, his lips full and soft, his long black lashes glittering with tears.

"I couldn't sleep, so I went for a walk. Somebody jumped me when I was walking through that wooded area over at Vine and Maple. I remembered you lived here, so I came over. I'm sorry to bother you, Coach, but I was so scared." He shivered in my embrace.

"I'll call the police," I suggested, attempting to disengage myself from Damien's embrace.

"No! Please don't. I...I didn't get a look at anyone. Just let me stay here with you for a while. Please?" He pressed up against me again, his cheek against my chest, his fingers kneading my biceps. "I feel safe here, Coach." His fingers tightened, and I let my hands encircle his slender waist. Damien moaned and pressed his hips forward, grinding his crotch against mine.

"Damien, I–"

"Coach...Harry. Can I call you Harry? You are, you know." He ran his fingers through the mat on my chest. His thumb grazed the point of my left tit. I felt my prick stiffen instantly. "You are so sexy." His hand was on my belly, moving south. Before I could get it together to speak, Damien began stroking the shaft of my prick through my shorts. It throbbed violently, pushing out toward his hand. He chuckled, a low, throaty sound, then slipped his fingers inside the waistband. I felt them wrap around the straining cylinder of flesh and squeeze.

All of my resolve crumbled, and I wrapped my arms around my handsome young student. I splayed my fingers over the firm mounds of his ass, and he responded, clinging to me passionately as our lips met.

His jaw slackened, offering no resistance when I thrust my tongue into his mouth. His tongue was sweet, tickling as it slithered across mine. His cock was hard, poking my belly through the fabric of his shorts.

I was overwhelmed with desire for him. I wanted to see him naked, to hold his bare body against mine, skin on skin. I carried him to the sofa and knelt. He sprawled back, watching wide-eyed as I removed his shoes and socks, unbuckled his belt, and pulled his jeans and underwear down over his bare feet. By the time I was ready for his shirt, he had already wriggled out of it and thrown it on the floor.

I looked down at him, my heart pounding. His perfect skin was hairless except for the glossy pubes curling around his throbbing hard-on and the almost-invisible line of silk that crept up to his navel. His arms were at his sides, palms up, fingers curled. His legs were spread, and his plump balls drooped down almost to the sofa cushions. I bent my head, kissed his belly, then climbed on top of him.

"Harry," he whispered, stroking my shoulders, "would you do something for me?"

"What?"

"Rub against me. All this hair is totally cool." I braced my hands on either side of him and lowered myself until my chest hairs barely touched his skin. He sighed and began to squirm beneath me. The shaft of my prick rubbed against his gut, and my balls rolled against the insides of his thighs. Our mutual moans of pleasure blended into a soft growling sound.

I moved down over the tender landscape of his body till his fat prick was pulsing at the level of my lips. I kissed the slit gouged in the tip, tasted the salt, traced the rim of the head with my tongue. His hips shot up, pressing the rigid organ against my mouth. I went down on him, driving his prick deep into my throat. His fingers locked around my neck, holding me in place as he began to buck against me.

I stroked his torso, tracing the lean muscles. I pinched his tits, felt his pecs flex, then pinched a little harder. I came up slowly, keeping my lips tight around his flexing dick. I nipped at the tender knob capping the shaft, then licked down along the swollen flesh to his balls. I spit-shined them, then let my tongue wander lower to the tightly puckered rosebud tucked between his cheeks.

I tentatively flicked my tongue over the hot flesh. Damien spread his thighs wider and groaned. I pushed my tongue up inside of him, lapping at the silky walls of his ass channel. The ring of muscle clenched around my tongue, then gaped, giving access to his dark, secret delights.

I rimmed him until he tangled his fingers in my hair and tugged to get my attention. I scooted back up until we were face-to-face. My cock slipped between his thighs, bounced against his balls, then slid back to nuzzle his sweet young asshole.

"No," he gasped when I started to move away. "Please don't stop. Harry, I...I want you to put your dick in me." I looked at him questioningly. "Please, Harry. I want you to do it." He shifted under me, struggling to impale himself. His arms went around my neck again, and he began kissing me. I pushed forward slowly, ready to stop the moment he showed any sign of pain. My cock knob pushed past the ring of his sphincter, and his tongue thrust deep into my mouth. I tried to hold back, but he was wriggling around like a grounded fish, quickly engulfing my dick in the tight confines of his hot hole. When I was inside him up to my balls, his head dropped back on the cushions and his legs wrapped tightly around my waist. "Fuck me," he moaned. "Fuck me!"

I propped myself on my elbows and began pumping, watching him as I repeatedly speared his squirming body with my aching cock. His lips were curled at the corners in a smile of pure carnal bliss. I began humping harder, driving deep, then pulling out into the clear before burrowing back into the balls.

Damien's prick was as hard as a rock, flopping on his belly every time I stabbed my cock deep into his bowels. It was beginning to leak, drooling thick, clear juice that pooled in his navel and drizzled down his sides. I rose up, slipped my thighs under his lower back, and bent my head. I stuffed his hard-on back into my mouth and began sucking, lashing his cock with my tongue as I pounded his ass. His dick got harder and fatter, and the flow of juice increased. He threw back his head and howled as he came in my mouth. I slurped hungrily at the thick white spew, letting it slide over my tongue and trickle down my throat.

His asshole was clutching at my cock as his orgasm shook him. I drove a few more times, then felt the explosion in my belly as the jism pushed along the length of my pistoning dick. I dropped my head onto his chest and began to blow wad after wad of come up his chute. Even after I was drained, I continued to hump, slowly and easily, savoring the perfection of his youth and innocence.

After I finally lost my hard-on and slipped out of him, I pulled him upright and draped my arm around his shoulders. "Do you want me to drive you home tonight, Damien?"

"What?" He looked blank for a moment, then smiled. "Oh, Harry, I don't want to go home. I want to stay here with you." He reached between my legs and squeezed my prick. "I want to stay here and do it again, Harry. Please." He rubbed his face against my chest, and I pushed him back against the cushions of the couch.

"Christ, Harry! You look like hell." Bill stood in the doorway to my office, shaking his head.

"I'm a wreck, Bill. Damien kept me awake all night again. We screwed five times. I can't take much more of this, but I just can't turn him away. He's so innocent, Bill. He'd be lost without me." Damien had been with me every night for two weeks, and I was on the verge of collapse. He was insatiable.

"Bullshit, Harry. I told you before: The kid is a sex maniac. He'd go down on any hard-on that was pointed in his direction."

"That just isn't true, Bill. He told me that I'm the only man he's ever been with."

"You believed him?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I?"

Bill looked at me incredulously. "Harry, you're my best friend, but you're an idiot." He reached over and shut the door to my office. "I'll tell you what, Harry. I can prove what I'm saying. You do want to get him out of your hair, don't you?"

"Well...yes. He's too innocent to be involved in a relationship with an older man."

"Harry, you're only 25, and you're far more innocent than he is. *You're* the one who needs an older man around to keep you in line." I started to suggest a particular older man, then decided I'd better keep my mouth shut. I had always thought Bill was a very sexy guy, and if he had been my partner, I wouldn't have gotten into this mess. I would have been with him, not alone and ready to get involved with the first handsome young student who happened to come on to me.

He had one in each hand, one in his mouth, and one plugged up his ass, obviously having the time of his life.

"What are you going to do to prove to me that Damien can get along without me?"

"Give me five minutes, Harry. I'll have all the proof you need to see." He opened the door of my office and walked out into the locker room. The after-school practices had broken up more than an hour ago, and several of my best athletes were finally straggling toward the showers. Bill stopped Tim Pratt and Rick Hastings, cocaptains of the football team, and whispered something to both of them. Tim grinned and nodded, then the two hulking seniors stripped out of their gear and headed toward the shower room. A few seconds later Damien came in from the field and hit the showers as well. Bill stood near the door to the tiled enclosure and watched.

"Come on," Bill hissed when he stuck his head back into my office. "Things are heating up." I followed reluctantly behind him, feeling guilty about the possibility of traumatizing poor Damien just to get him off my back. Nevertheless, I crowded close behind Bill and looked over his broad shoulder into the steamy brightness of the showers.

There was Damien—sweet, innocent young Damien—bent over in the middle of the room, surrounded by hard young cocks. He had one in each hand, one in his mouth, and one plugged up his ass, obviously having the time of his life. He was grinding his ass around the cock up his hole, the muscles in his cheeks flexing fetchingly. As I watched in astonishment, he came up off of the cock he was sucking and licked the dick in his left hand, then the one in his right, fi-

nally returning to the big, vein-gnarled post in the center, swallowing it whole.

"Damien!" I gasped, unable to remain silent. "I thought–"

"Oh, hi, Harry. Sorry if I misled you. It was just that you were so sweet, inexperienced, and...eager. You seemed to think I was a virgin when we met, and I didn't have the heart to correct you."

"I...I need..." I was at a loss for words.

"Shut up, Harry." Bill turned to me. "You need a real man around to keep you busy."

"But I–" Bill grabbed my arms and pulled me tight against him, plugging my mouth with his tongue. I put my hands on his biceps, felt the size and strength of him. His stubbled chin ground against my face as he kissed me hard and deep. I could feel the lump of his cock stiffening against my thigh. I leaned into him, my body burning with lust.

"Christ, Harry, what am I going to do with you?" Bill's voice was husky, urgent. "You're such a babe in the woods. Don't you have eyes in your head? I've had the hots for you for years, Harry. Even when I was with Jim, I dreamed about you. I really think I deserve an apology for the way you've blue-balled me over the years."

"You're right, Bill. I'm terribly sorry if I've done–"

"Harry, just shut up and strip." I stared at him in disbelief. "I want action, not talk. Strip, Harry!" Bill stepped back and began unbuttoning his shirt, baring his brawny torso. I followed suit. When we were both naked, he put his big hands on my shoulders and eased me down to my knees in the center of the shower room.

I looked straight ahead at Bill's big cock. It hung between his strong thighs, long and thick, looking dangerous even when soft. I leaned in toward him and sniffed. The scent that wafted from his balls was thick with his musk, an odor that made my heart pound against my ribs. My own dick was already hard, rubbing against one of Bill's thick calves. I looked up over the tightly muscled lines of his torso, waiting for guidance from him.

"Christ, you're hot, Harry." He winked at me, then leaned forward, his big hands slipping down my back to my ass. He cupped my furry ass cheeks in his palms and squeezed. His thumbs slipped into my crack and brushed over my quivering, tightly clenched sphincter. I reached between his legs and snagged his prick. It was starting to get hard. I began rubbing the broad, veiny shaft in the furry valley between my pecs. It quickly got longer and harder.

I heard Bill hawk a wad of spit, then felt the hot moisture in my crack, drizzling over the tingling lips of my hole. He rubbed a finger across the puckered flesh, then pushed it up into me. I grunted, and he punched a second digit through my throbbing ass ring.

"Suck my dick, Harry. Get it nice and wet."

"Yeah, Coach. Do it." Mark Engel, the quarterback, put in his two cents' worth while Damien sucked his hairy balls.

I began licking Bill's cock, twitching frantically as a third finger plugged my butt. I'd seen Bill naked but never aroused. He was hung like a horse, sporting a thick piece of meat that thrust up powerfully from between his muscular thighs. I gripped the shaft with one hand and scooped his balls up with the other. His fingers sank deeper into my straining ass channel.

I licked hungrily at the gleaming glans, milking his fat stalk, letting the clear honey that pumped out of him run over my tongue. I squeezed him, and his knob swelled to truly awesome proportions. I smacked my lips as the taste of him flooded my senses.

Bill put a hand on my neck and pulled me forward. My lips stretched around the shaft as his knob popped into my mouth and skidded across my tongue. It plugged my throat and pushed deeper, cutting off my air. I saw his bush coming closer, and soon my nose was mashed against his hard gut, spit drooling out of my mouth and onto his balls. He held me tightly, his prick throbbing in my throat, his fingers wriggling around in my chute.

Just as I was about to pass out, Bill pulled me off his cock and straightened up again. I looked up at him, eyes glazed, gasping hungrily for air. His face was flushed. As he pulled me to my feet, my hard-on rubbed against the veiny shaft of his monster cock.

"Turn around and brace your hands against the wall," Bill instructed, his nostrils flaring.

"I–"

"Come on, Harry. We're fucking, not carrying on a conversation."

"You tell him, man!" The fellow basking in the attention of Damien's right hand winked at me and gave Bill a thumbs-up sign. Damned mouthy bastard.

I turned and did as Bill wished, pushing my ass back, docile, ready to fulfill his needs. He started rubbing his cock against my ass cheeks, tracing gooey trails across the hard mounds of flesh. He pushed it down my crack to my balls, then back till his knob was mashed up against my hole. I spread my legs apart, my heart pounding in anticipation of the first thrust.

Bill breached me and drove it home with all the power in his narrow hips. My head hit the wall with a dull thud. It was incredibly intense. I reached back and grabbed at his ass, not to push him away but to pull him into me up to the hairy hilt. Bill growled his pleasure and started fucking harder. His big balls swung up and crashed against mine, shooting a dull, sexy ache all through me. My muscles clenched, and he wrapped his arms around me, pulling me back against his warm, hard body.

"Fuck him, man. Fuck him!" I glanced over my shoulder but couldn't tell whether Tim was talking to Bill or to his buddy Rick. I really didn't have time to think about it. Bill began rubbing my belly, his hands slipping lower and lower, fingertips tangling in my pubes as he fucked me harder and harder. His knob crashed against my prostate. It hit a second time, then a third, each contact intensifying the sexual fever that burned in my blood.

"I'm coming!" he shouted, collapsing on me against the wall, jacking my cock in rhythm with his frantic thrusts. I came right along with him, pumping creamy streamers out onto the wall while he planted his seed up my butt. After the heat stopped flowing, Bill collapsed against me, panting, the sweat streaming off of him and onto me.

"If you're interested," I gasped, "a shot of that every day would keep me in line."

"Hell, somebody has to take you on. You're too damned innocent to be left alone. You'll get yourself in all kinds of trouble."

"I think you're about all the trouble I can handle at one time," I sighed.

"That's the plan, pal," he shot back at me, his laughter rumbling sexily in my ear. "That's the plan."

"Way to go, guys! Way to go!" We both turned to face a cock-pumping semicircle of naked, horny young men. As though on cue, they all started blowing their wads, spraying Bill and me with their thick, pungent loads of jism. Bill and I stood side by side, making no effort to dodge their tribute. Hell, it seemed as good a way as any to inaugurate this new phase of our friendship. ●

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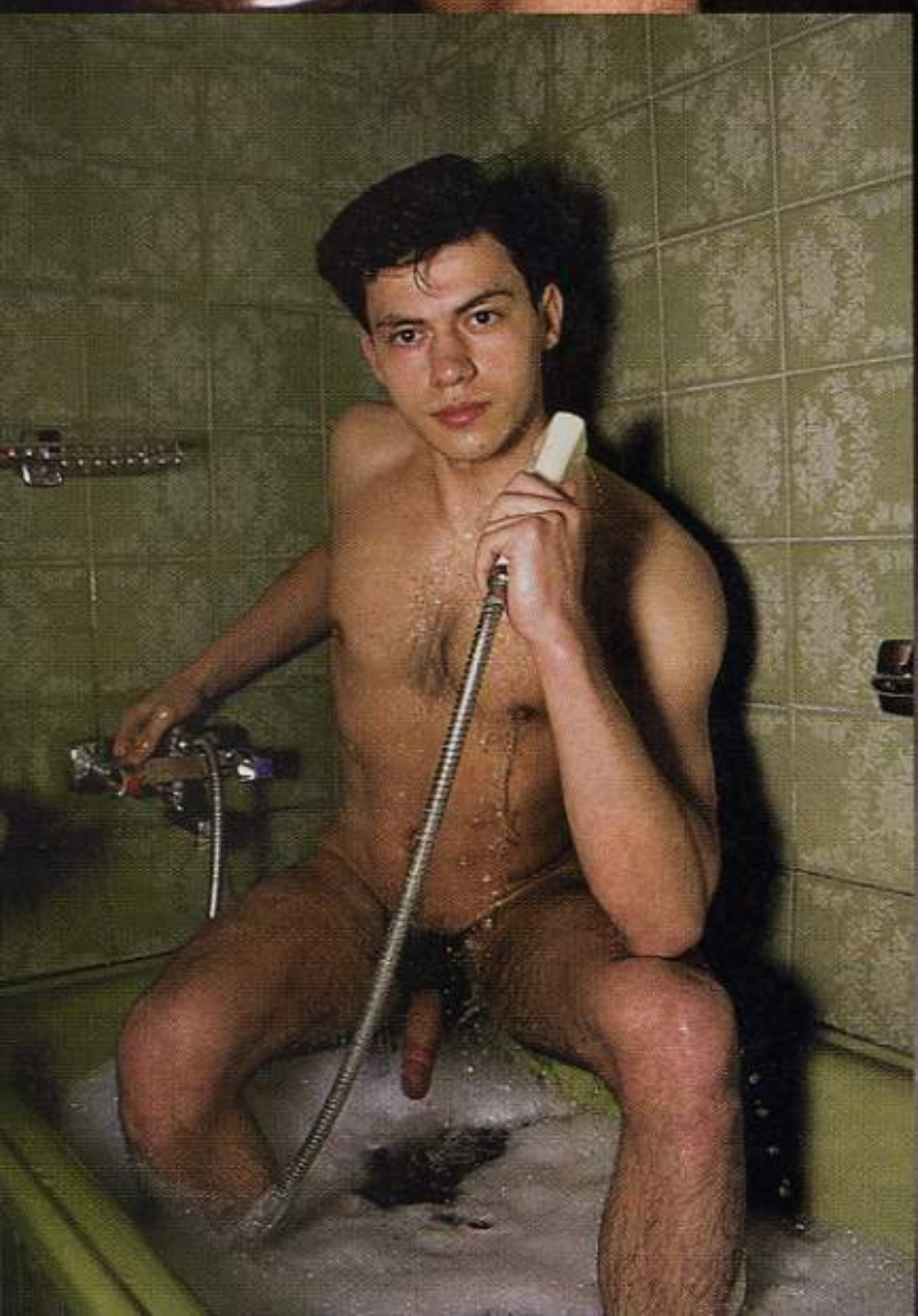

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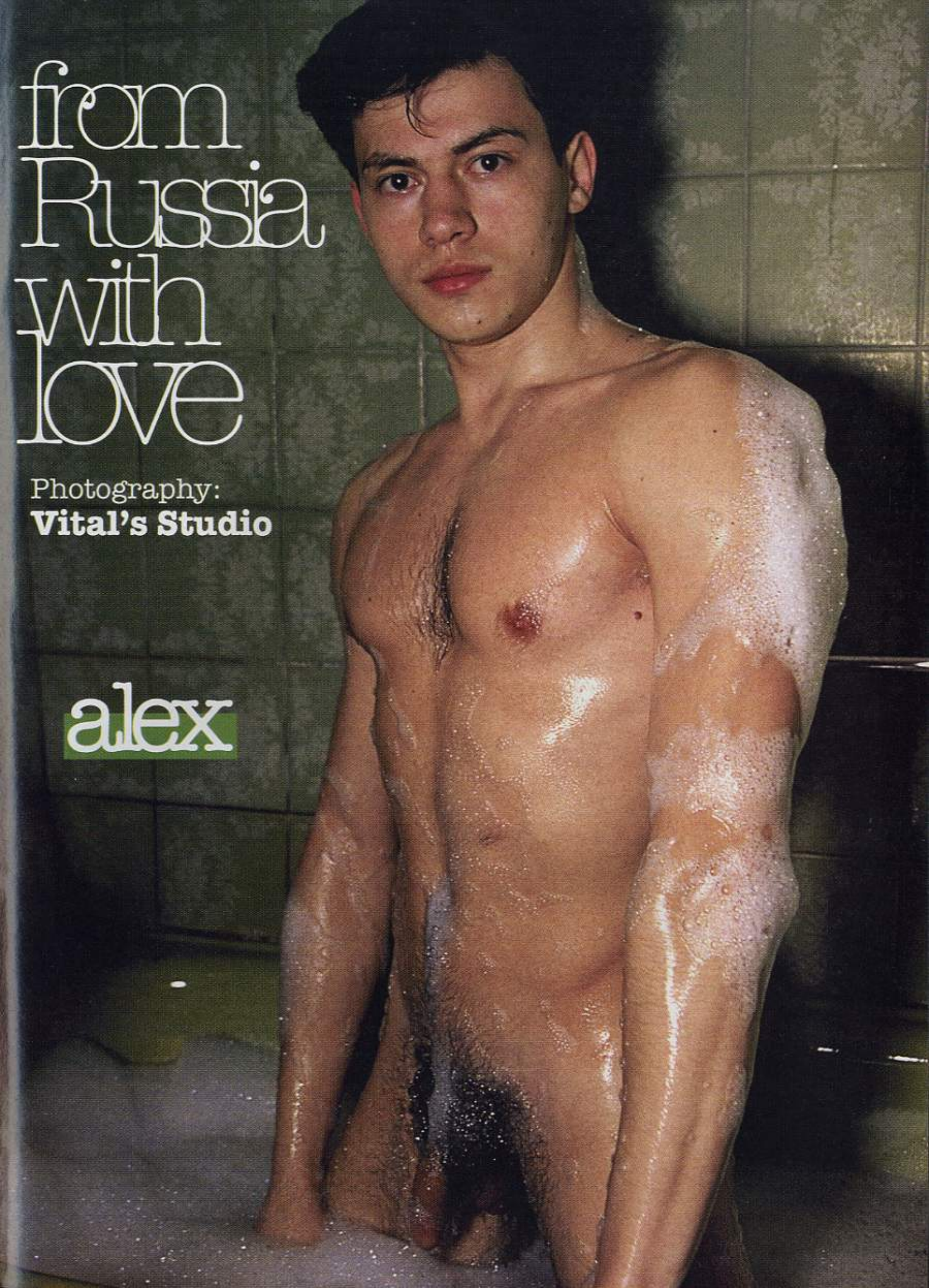

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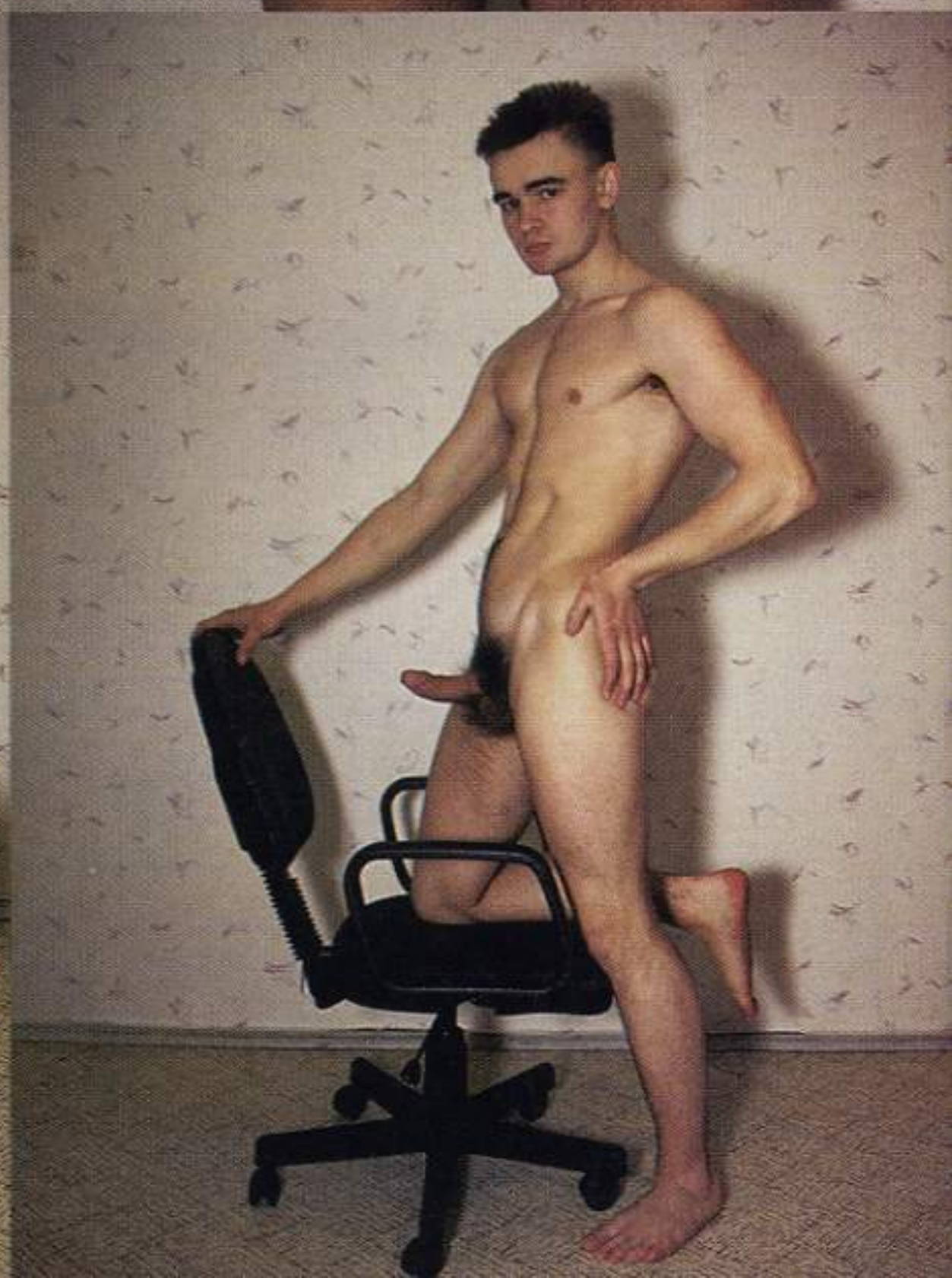

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The Trouble with Trig

by R.J. March

illustration by Rubén Esparza

His ass was sore from Brandon Moyer's big, bent boner. Nobody had ever fucked him so thoroughly; no one had ever tested his asshole's elasticity the way Brandon had. Getting fucked by Brandon was probably as intense as sex could get—he was relentless with his crooked prick. He had spread Billy's legs wide with his thick, coarse thighs and slammed into the boy furiously. It was awesome.

Billy was sitting in civics class, shifting from one butt cheek to the other, his cunt swollen from the previous night's reaming. He was itching to get to the mall because Brandon had been bragging about the hot guys waiting outside his toilet stall, ready to blow him. And he could see how that was possible, because Brandon Moyer was hot. He played all kinds of sports and had a wicked good body, and his face was thick and dumb-looking even though he was anything but. His jaw was square, and his chin was fanny-split. He had thick lips and big, brown, lazy-dog eyes. He looked dumb and sounded dumber, but he worked hard and was the class president and was being courted by a couple of Ivy League schools.

The reason Billy got to know Brandon so well was because Billy wasn't doing so well in trigonometry—in fact, he was failing. As a last-ditch effort, his stepfather had hired Brandon to tutor the boy. The first time Billy saw his tutor, he didn't think much of him—sure, he was good-looking, but Billy had seen plenty of good-looking guys. What he didn't get a sense of was Brandon's accessibility. There were some guys you knew about right away—Brandon wasn't one of them. So he sat at the dining room table across from this guy and, after an initial appraisal, didn't really consider him. All Billy knew was that Brandon was his stepfather's idea of insurance, a guarantee that the boy would graduate on time.

Brandon went to Catholic High, and Billy was in East High. The first time they met, Brandon was wearing a shirt and tie, his uniform at school. Wednesday was the only night he had free; otherwise he was at football practice or had some civic duty to perform. He sat across from Billy at the dining room table. Outside, Billy's stepfather was mowing the lawn, and you could see him at the end of the yard, walking back and forth in a pair of athletic shorts. He had monster legs: huge, wagging thighs and thick, hairy calves. He had on his boat shoes and no socks, and his T-shirt was draped on top of his head. Billy saw Brandon watching his stepfather's progress with half interest, and he would have been embarrassed if his stepfather weren't so hot. It was just the two of them; his mother left long ago, mysteriously unhappy. Billy saw her every summer, and she was close-mouthed about what went wrong. "Incompatible," she would say, shrugging her shoulders.

Billy watched Brandon giving his old man the once-over, and he started giving Brandon the once-over himself. The tutor had loosened his tie and undone a couple of buttons on his shirt. His neck was sunburned and thick, the back of his head freshly shaved, a military cut that was mere shadow on his scalp. He cracked his knuckles and leaned back.

"You play football?" he asked out of the blue.

Billy shook his head.

"Bet your old man played ball," Brandon said, looking out the window again. Billy's stepdad stopped to wipe his face with his T-shirt. Brandon played with his lip thoughtfully.

Billy didn't think anything of Brandon. He sat there thinking his tutor was hot and all, and he wondered what he'd look like without his shirt, stuff like that, but he never thought they'd end up fucking. Brandon hadn't either. Billy knew this because Brandon told him so; he said the first time, mid thrust, "I don't fucking believe this is happening." Billy didn't even think anything about Brandon's checking out his stepdad—seemed like everybody did anyway. Brandon's eyes always seemed so vague and disinterested, an attribute that added to his sexiness: disregard. He seemed at the time more interested in himself.

The next time Billy saw Brandon was the Saturday after their first tutoring session. Brandon had a Mustang convertible, and Billy guessed the boy made good money tutoring. He was wearing khaki shorts and a polo shirt, his bared arms and legs big and suntanned. He stood out on the landing, saying next to nothing through the screen door. Billy was in his underwear just inside the door, standing on one bare foot—he'd been drinking coffee and watching cartoons. "I was just riding around," Brandon said, shrugging, tugging on the front of his shirt. He folded his arms across his chest, putting his face close to the screen. "What're you doing?" he asked.

They were pretty much the same height and weight—6 foot 1, about 180 pounds—and built alike as well: thick-limbed, with powerful chests and backs. They both liked lifting, but neither of them had the inclination to get ripped. Billy watched Brandon through the screen door, looking at the boy's lips: big, fat things that never quite shut. *He's dying to ask me something*, Billy thought. Brandon's eyes shifted here and there, and his tongue tipped out to wet his lips.

"I was going down to the river," he said, finally getting it out. Billy hadn't seen such shyness before, leastwise not from someone so worthy of arrogance. It did something to Billy, and he thought of something his grandmother used to say: *That boy warms my heart.*

He drove fast down to the river, one hand on the wheel, the other out the window, catching air. He didn't say anything, and Billy didn't say anything either, and the radio played Oasis and Bush and Hole, and music blew over their heads. Brandon moved his window hand to the wheel and put his right hand on the back of the passenger seat, close to Billy's shoulder. Billy looked at Brandon's stretched-out legs, their covering of hair. He saw the plaid hem of his boxers and wished for briefs himself because he was starting to get hard. Brandon minded the road and little else.

It was hot, and Billy's ball sac stuck to his thighs as he squirmed in his seat. Dark rings of sweat became apparent under his arms. He lifted his shirt, and the wind played over his stomach, and Brandon's fingertips grazed his shoulder. Brandon apologized, but his fingers remained there.

Brandon tore off the road and onto one that was dirt, and he kicked up a wake of dust and bottomed out a few times, grimacing as the Mustang bounced down the lane. Billy could smell the water in the air, and it was cool in the shade, and Brandon pulled under the cover of trees, through which Billy could see the river.

Brandon turned the car off and turned to his passenger. "I like it here," he said. "I come here a lot." He stretched and seemed to make himself comfortable, as though he had no intention of going anywhere, not down to the water, not even leaving the car. He took off his shoes and brought one bare foot up onto the seat. Billy could see the wide, flattened bulge of Brandon's groin.

Neither of them moved. Suddenly Billy was in agreement with Brandon that there was nowhere else to go. They looked at each other, and Billy leaned against the door and spread his legs, feeling the coolish breeze making contact with his sweating balls. He was sure that they were exposed but did nothing to cover them, wanting to see what the sight of them would do to Brandon.

Brandon's hand dropped off the steering wheel casually and landed on his own crotch innocently enough, but his fingers twitched and played, and his growing cock was plain to see, the tunneling it did between his shorts and skin. Billy looked away to smile, surprised and relieved, happy to have found someone so hot and tough-looking with similar interests. He felt cocky and took off his shirt. The air tightened his nipples, and he felt his shorts blow his cover: He slipped out, the red tip of his head, blunt-ended and good-size, rearing up, throbbing with Billy's pulse.

Brandon glanced away. He looked at the river, he looked at the sky, he looked at his watch, but his eyes kept coming back to Billy's uncovered package, and Billy felt like some kind of king. He scooted his butt toward the handsome boy and watched as Brandon peeled back his pants leg, exposing his cockeyed white-shafted boner. It was hooded, and its foreskin flowered. He slipped back the cover, and the thing drooled. He pushed the extra skin back in place and milked out a clear drop that landed on the vinyl seat.

Billy got hold of himself likewise and jacked, while Brandon pulled on his great hairy balls, which spilled out luxuriously. He lifted his polo shirt and played with his stomach, fingering his navel. His hand went up and up; Billy watched its progress, his big-knuckled fingers working the tender knobs of his tits. Emboldened, Billy pushed both sets of shorts down to his knees, and his pecker sprang up stiffly, pointing skyward, trailing a sparkling ribbon of precome. He touched his balls, grabbing them and giving them a tug. Sparsely haired and golf-ball–size, they were a pleasant handful, and he'd come to especially like their being handled roughly by callused palms and fingers.

Brandon lifted his shirt and pulled it over his head, throwing it to the backseat.

He looked at the river, he looked at the sky, he looked at his watch, but his eyes kept coming back to Billy's uncovered package.

If they didn't talk and didn't touch, what they were doing was OK, they were OK. It didn't mean anything to either one of them; they were just a couple of guys jerking off; nothing wrong with that. So far it was just good, clean fun.

Brandon spat a thick gob onto his flattened palm, and Billy pushed his shorts down even farther, getting his sneakered feet clear of the tangle. He brought his leg, the left and closest to Brandon, up onto the seat, opening his crotch wide. Brandon's eyes landed on Billy with a thud. He licked his lips and wiped his brow. Billy was feeling pretty much like a whore, the way he was teasing the guy, but he had to be in control, he wanted to be responsible for Brandon's making a creamy mess of himself. *Fuck trig,* he was thinking. *How about you tutor my ass?*

Brandon started moaning. It was low and barely there, but Billy could tell by the way his stomach was caving in under his rib cage. The muscles of his legs began to twitch, and his hips started humping. He thrust up into his white-knuckled fist, his cock head a strangled red. Billy watched Brandon's balls tighten, shrinking up into candied walnuts shaggy with sandy-colored hair.

There were bird noises and leaves fluttering overhead. Billy was close now, and so was Brandon, who started and stopped and started again, bringing himself up to the edge, then backing off, prolonging his agony. Suddenly his legs thrust out stiff, and his butt came up from the seat.

"O-o-oh," he moaned, the drawn-out vowel accompanying his ejaculation. He pumped high and thick, and gobs landed on his sun-dappled torso, across his sternum, between his nipples. He settled down again, breathing hard, his stomach going to hollows, and continued to milk his peter, stringy clots hanging from the head.

Billy scrambled to his knees and aimed his prick at Brandon, who grabbed the thing and stuck it into his mouth, sucking out every last drop, his lips causing Billy convulsions that racked his body, vacuuming the boy until he was empty and quivering, a dried-up wreck.

Billy got a part-time after-school job at a clothing store in the mall. He started on a Wednesday, forgetting all about his tutoring. He sped home, hoping to catch Brandon before he gave up and left. He hadn't seen him since they jacked together, and Billy was embarrassed to admit that he missed him. Brandon's car was still in Billy's driveway when Billy pulled in, and Billy looked in the rearview mirror and saw his own grateful smile. He was hoping Brandon would want to go for a ride again.

The front door was locked. Billy let himself in. Brandon wasn't waiting for him in the dining room, and he wasn't in the kitchen either. He heard voices in the basement, and he figured they were down there shooting their football shit around. Billy slipped off his too-tight dress shoes and walked back to his bedroom to put on some shorts, grabbing a soda before padding downstairs.

He saw Brandon first, stretched out bare-chested on his stepfather's pool table, his eyes closed, his head moving from side to side. He looked, Billy thought, like he was getting fucked. As he crept down the stairs, Billy saw more and more of Brandon's naked torso, his muscled gut, his dirty-blond bush, and his soft cock, straight and long across his

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hip. And then he saw hands on Brandon's thighs, digging fingers, and then the top of his stepfather's head as he bent over to lick Brandon's stomach. He straightened again and spat on the boy's chest and mauled his tits and leaned over to bite one, making Brandon yelp, his eyes flying open.

"Oh, man," Billy's stepdad said. His big shoulders heaved, and his head rolled back. His eyes were closed, but the boy stepped back anyway. He could see his old man's flat, hairy belly and his fat, veined cock when he pulled out and slapped it against Brandon's balls.

Billy was jealous, sure, but his reasoning, he thought, was fucked. He didn't know what pissed him off more, his stepdad boning what should have been his piece of ass or that it wasn't Billy himself on that pool table getting peckered. Just then Brandon saw him up on the stairs. His dick twitched to life suddenly, and he grabbed his dick and started hammering away. He kept his eyes on Billy, ignoring his stepfather and the battering of his felt-bound fanny.

"That's good," Mr. Dwyer moaned. He took hold of Brandon's ankles and lifted his ass high. He grunted his dick into the boy's rear end, pressing Brandon's thighs against his woolly chest, wreathing his head with the boy's calves and feet. "Good, good," he bellowed, his thrusts increasing in speed and ferocity. Brandon's mouth opened, a manly cry gurgled out, and he spewed come all over himself.

Will Dwyer unplugged his cock from the boy's ass and banged himself with his fist. He let loose a stream of white that flew past Brandon's head, landing on the green baize, sure to leave a stain, and Billy was awestruck and hard with pride, seeing his old man fuck so well. He crept numbly up the stairs and tiptoed through the kitchen. He had his prong in his hand and was trying very hard to make it to the bathroom before he shot his load.

Billy figured that was the first and the last time Brandon had had his heinie whacked by Will Dwyer. After that Brandon spent his energies working on Billy's ass. He was a ruthless fucker, tutored well. Every time he rammed Billy's ass, Billy felt his stepfather's hand.

One night, come mixed and drying on Billy's stomach, Brandon said, "Your old man's bugging me to come over tomorrow night."

"Figures," Billy said. "I'll be at work."

Brandon shifted his bare ass, and it squealed against the vinyl car seat. "Call in sick," he said. "I'm thinking of boning your old man. You can watch."

He managed to get someone to cover for him. He stayed away until 7, the time his stepdad told Brandon to come by. "I'll get him down in the basement again," Brandon said, cocksure and sexy-mouthed. Billy was to position himself at the basement window over the pool table. He crouched down and looked in and could see the stains from the last time Brandon and his stepfather got together.

Brandon winked up at Billy as he came down the stairs. Billy's stepfather followed in a few minutes. He had a towel wrapped around his waist, and his thigh peeped from the slit of it. He was saying something Billy couldn't catch, but he heard Brandon reply: "It gets me hot down here."

He made his way to the pool table, putting his beer on the edge. "Let's see some skin," Will said, going for Brandon's shirt. "I forget what you look like, it's been so long."

Billy watched his stepdad's butt flex under the towel, and then he was hypnotized by Brandon's buffness. His smooth, mulberry-nippled pecs drove both of them crazy, and Will planted a big kiss on Brandon's left tit and then on the right, and Billy watched him go down to his knees, his towel unknotting. Will smeared his face against Brandon's crotch, his hands pawing the boy's chest. Billy stood up and looked around. It was still pretty light out, but the yard was secluded by trees and hedges. He unbuttoned his chinos and pushed them down. He squatted again, his stiff dick leaking in the cool evening air. His stepfather had Brandon's pants undone by now and was licking up the boy's thigh, up to his skewed shaft. Brandon leaned over and started stroking Will's thick white ass cheeks. When his fingers curled into the hairy crack, Will's head froze. He spat out Brandon's cock.

"You got something on your mind?" he said.

"Maybe," Brandon replied.

"Such as?" Will said, losing his smile.

"Such as your ass, Mr. Dwyer. I'm thinking how good it's going to feel fucking it."

Will shook his head, chuckling. "Time to wake up, Moyer; you're dreaming, boy." He stood up and put his arms around Brandon's, picking him up and lifting him back onto the pool table. He got himself between Brandon's legs and crawled up onto the table with him. All Billy could see of either of them for a while was Brandon's flailing legs and his stepfather's humping butt.

Just then Brandon saw him up on the stairs. His dick twitched to life suddenly, and he grabbed his dick and started hammering away.

It didn't look good for Brandon's plan. Billy's stepdad was all over him, and Brandon seemed pinned for good, destined for porking. But then his stepfather gave in. Brandon arched and twisted and practically flipped himself over Will, riding his back with his chest and working his legs between Will's, and Will dropped to the felt as Brandon pumped his pecker along the tight seam of the elder man's behind.

Billy felt a little sorry for his stepfather. He yelled when Brandon first stuck him, getting himself up on his knees so that he could play with his own boner. Brandon screwed Will Dwyer like nobody's business, and Billy watched, envious, pud in hand, filling his own butt with a grouping of fingers that approximated Brandon's girth.

It didn't take long for any of them. Will blew first, the tickling of his prostate too much for him to bear. Brandon popped out and directed his spray over Dwyer's back, and Billy fell backward onto the dewy grass and geysered up into the dusky sky.

They shared Brandon for a while, those two, although Billy was pretty sure his stepfather hadn't a clue. Billy failed his math class anyway and ended up in summer school in order to graduate. That's where he is now, squirming in his seat with a hard-on poking up high and mighty in his shorts. The teacher is a good-looking kid, fresh out of college. Billy can practically see the guy's diploma sticking out of his back pocket—not to mention his prick, which is a serious distraction, the way it jiggles around in his pants while he's writing on the board. When class is over Billy's going up to him, looking him right in the eye, and asking him for help. ●

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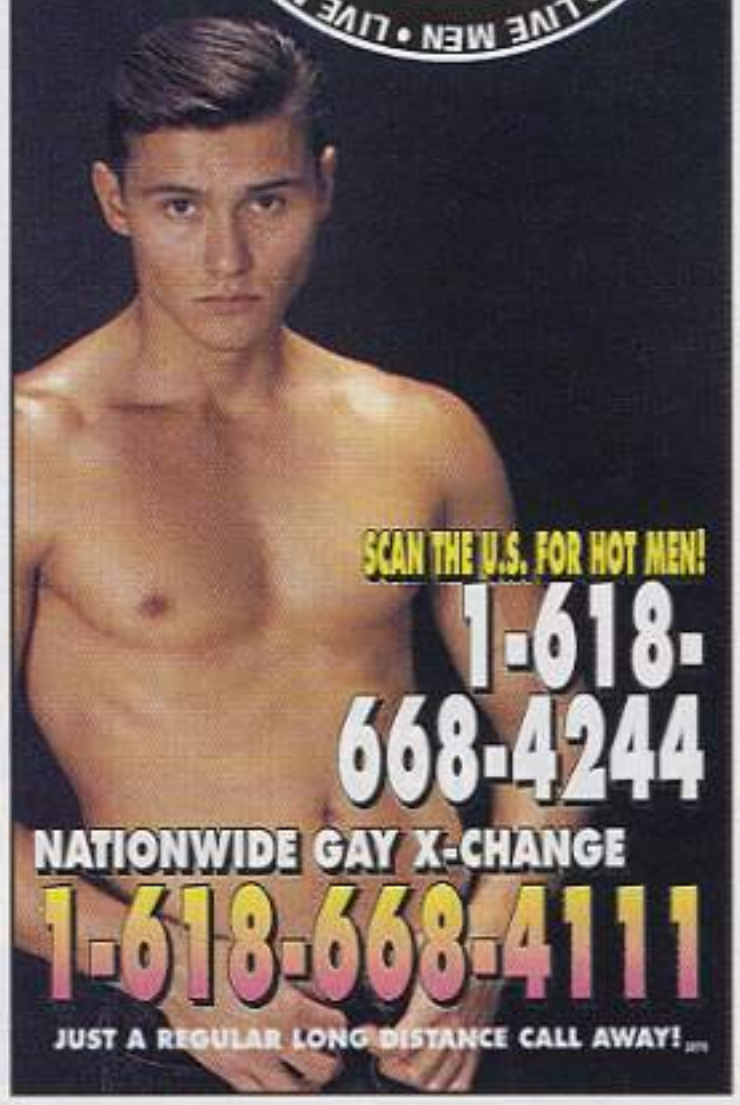

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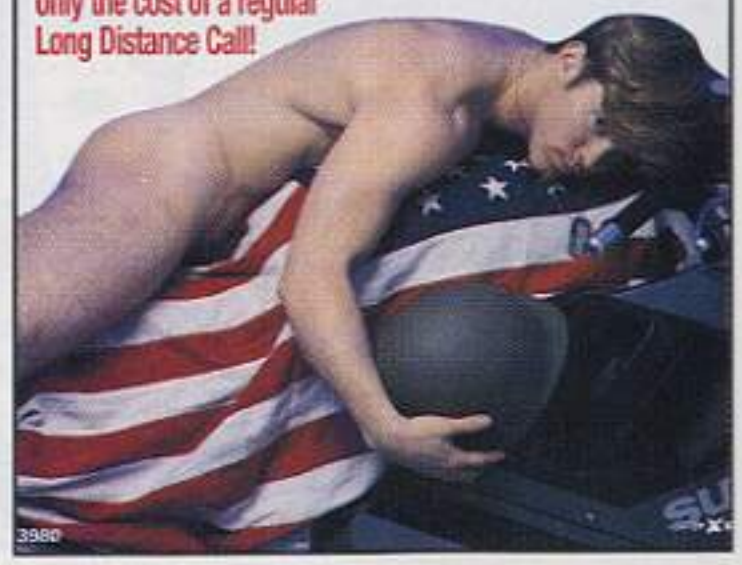

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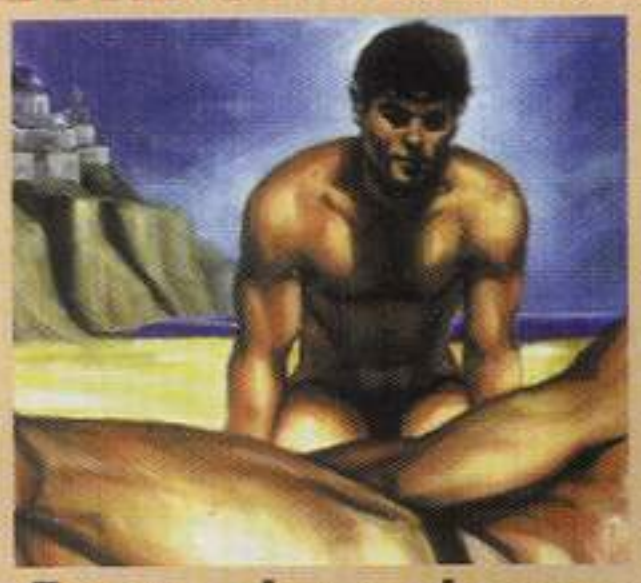

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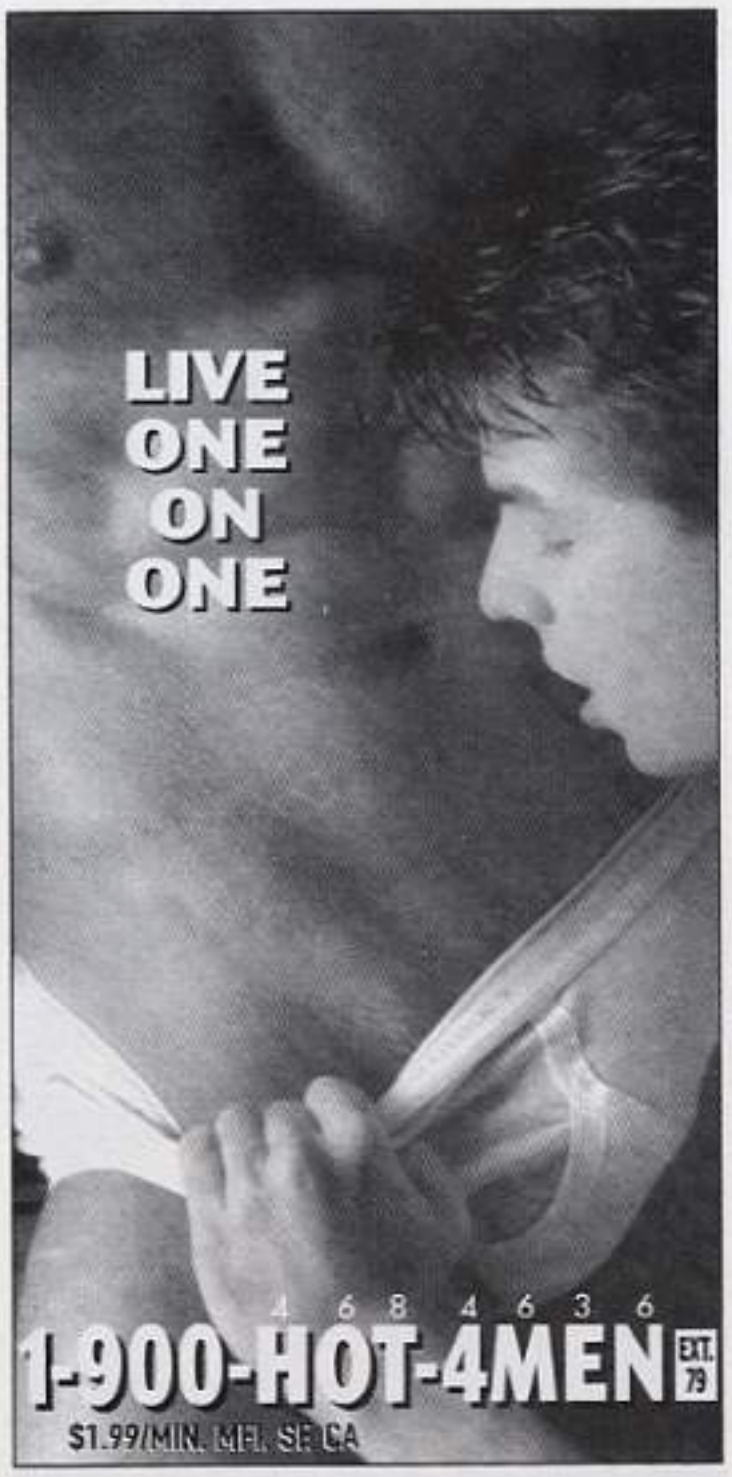

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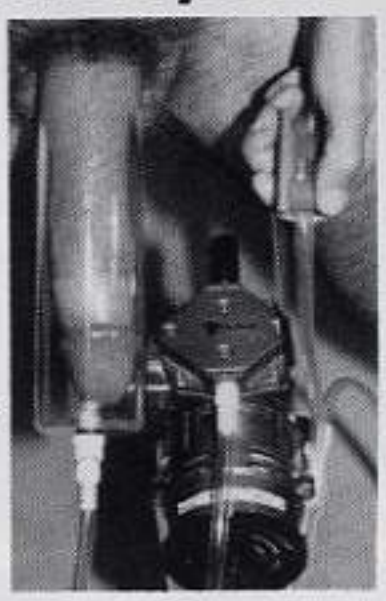

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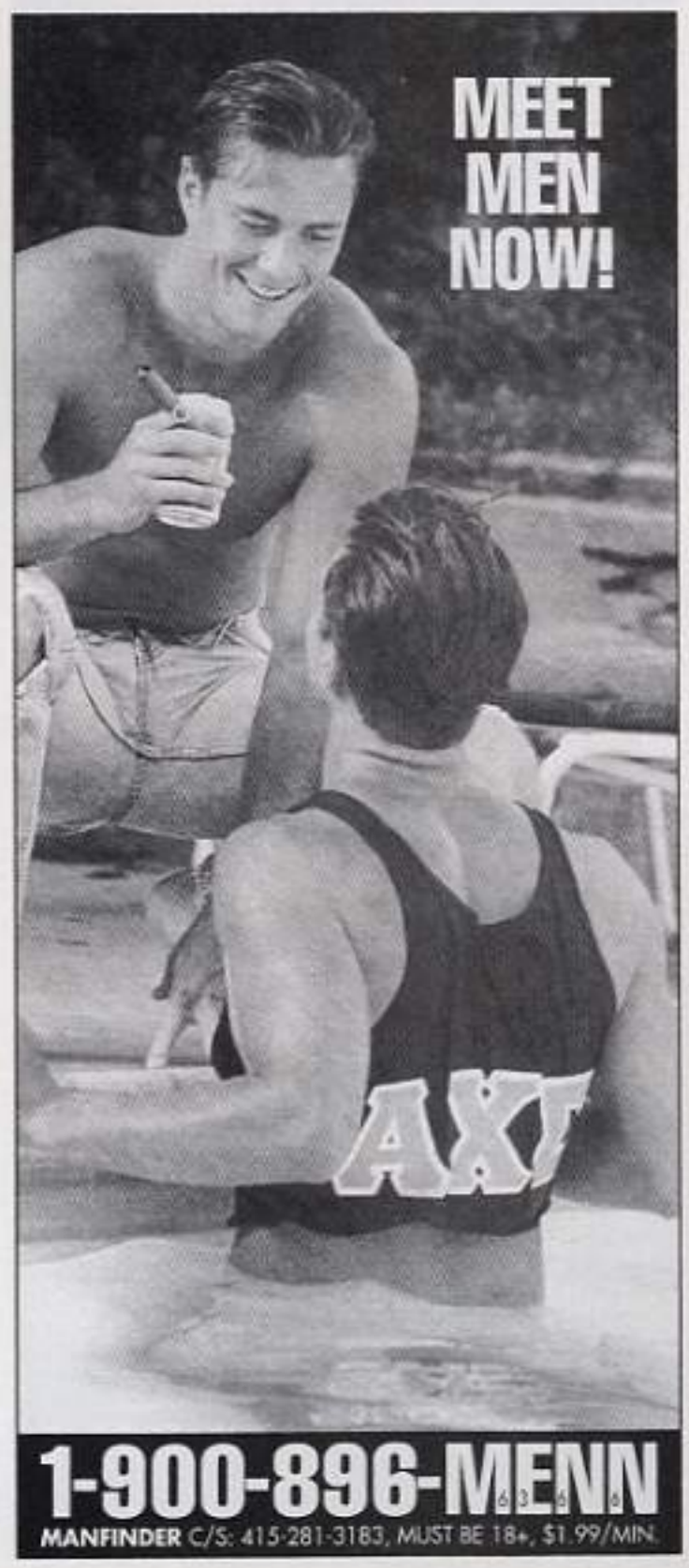

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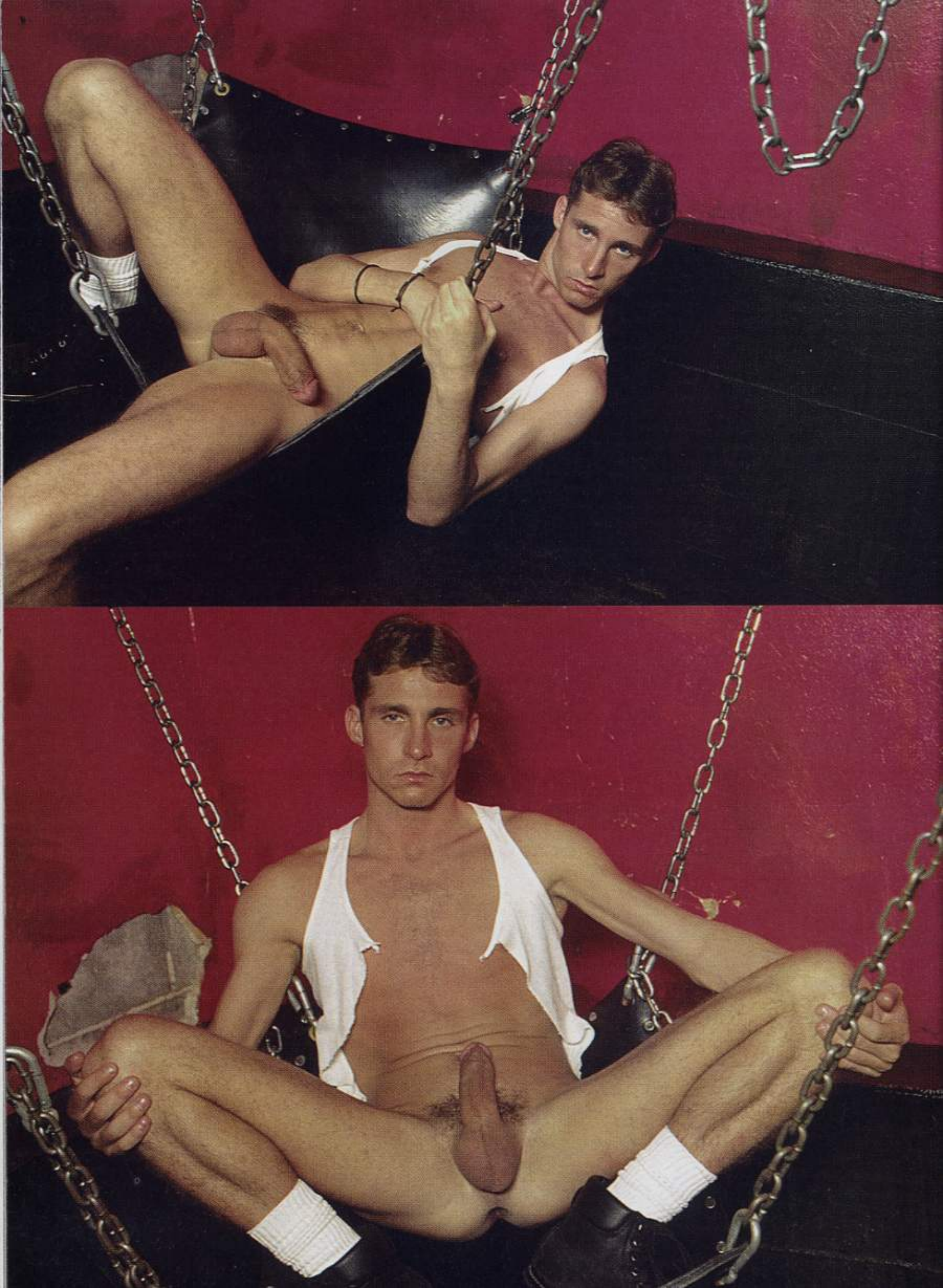

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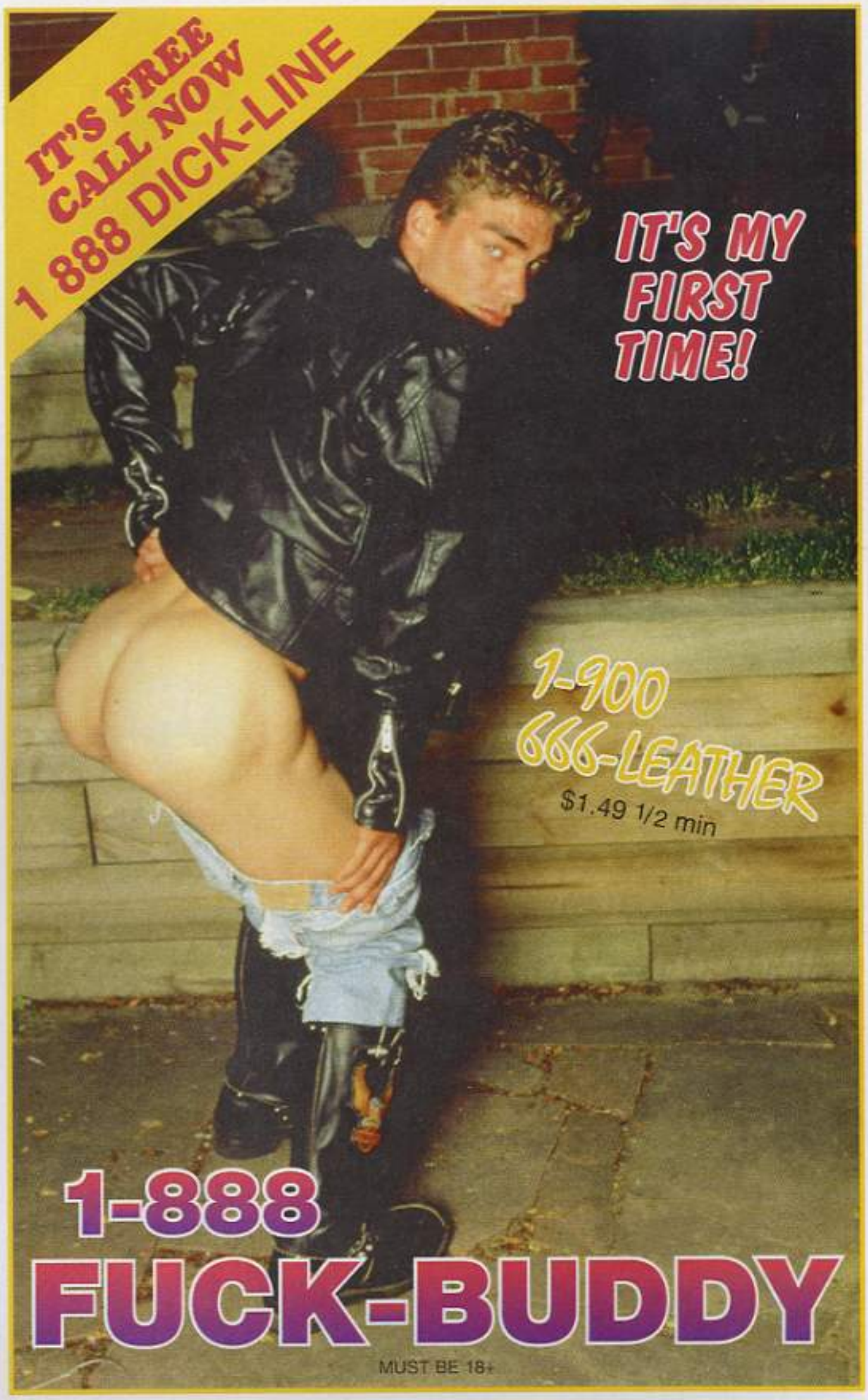

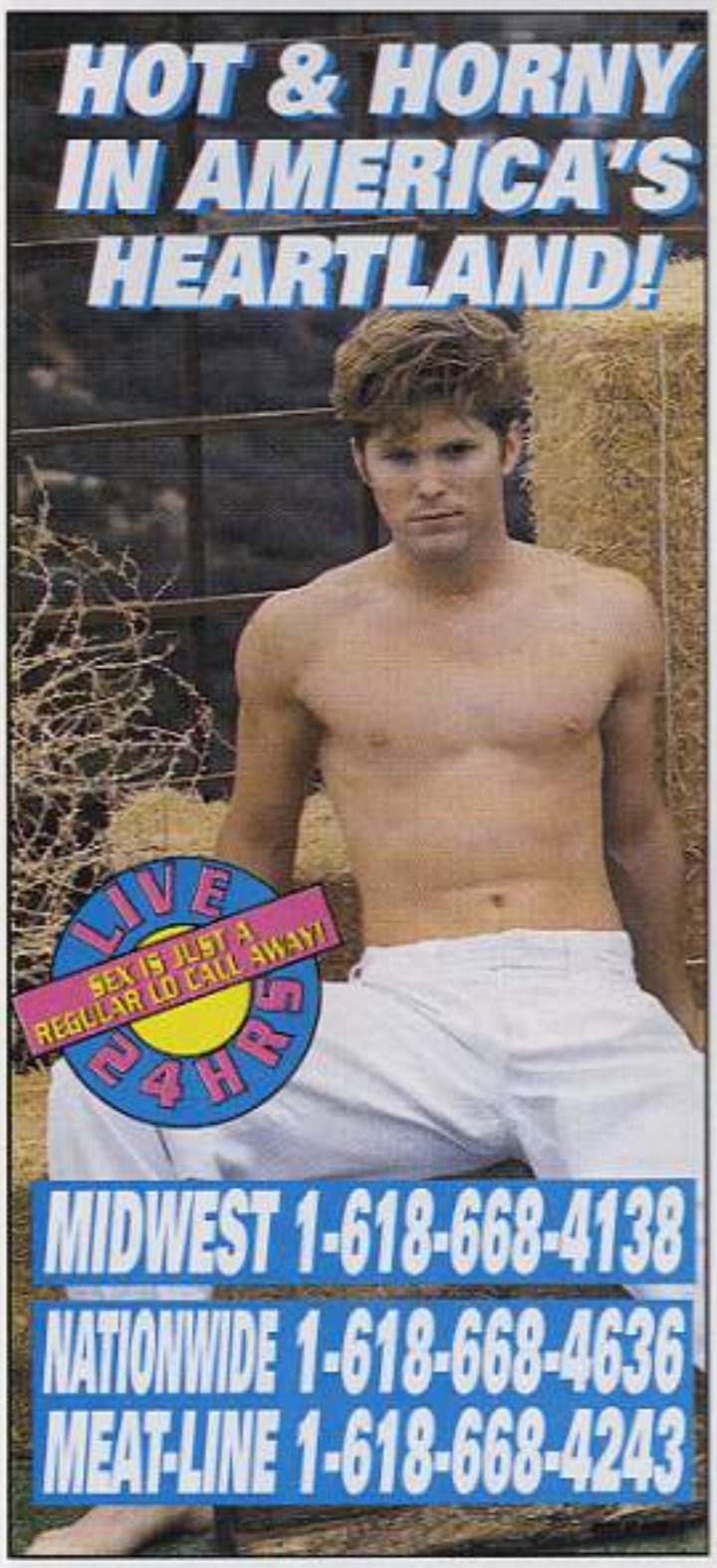

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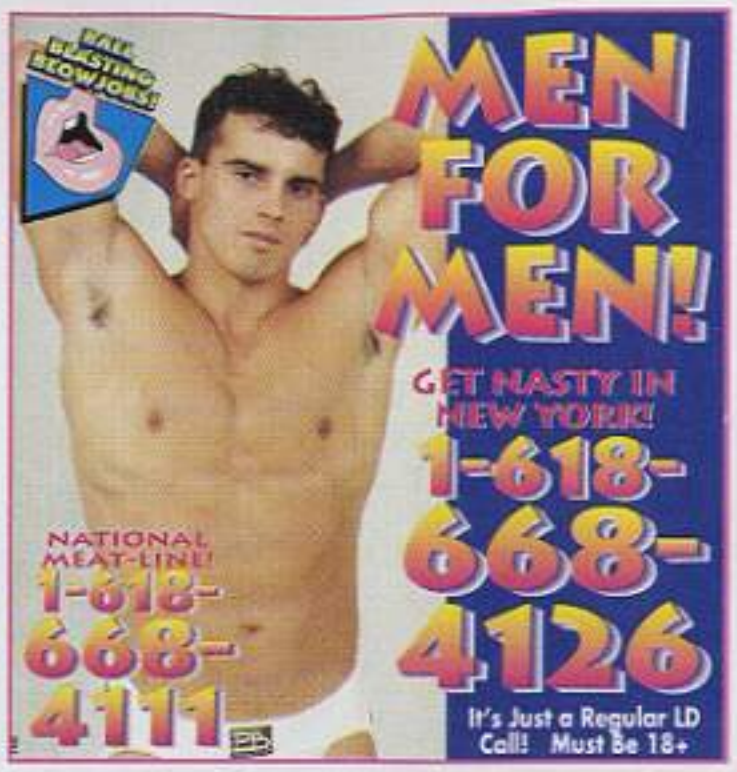

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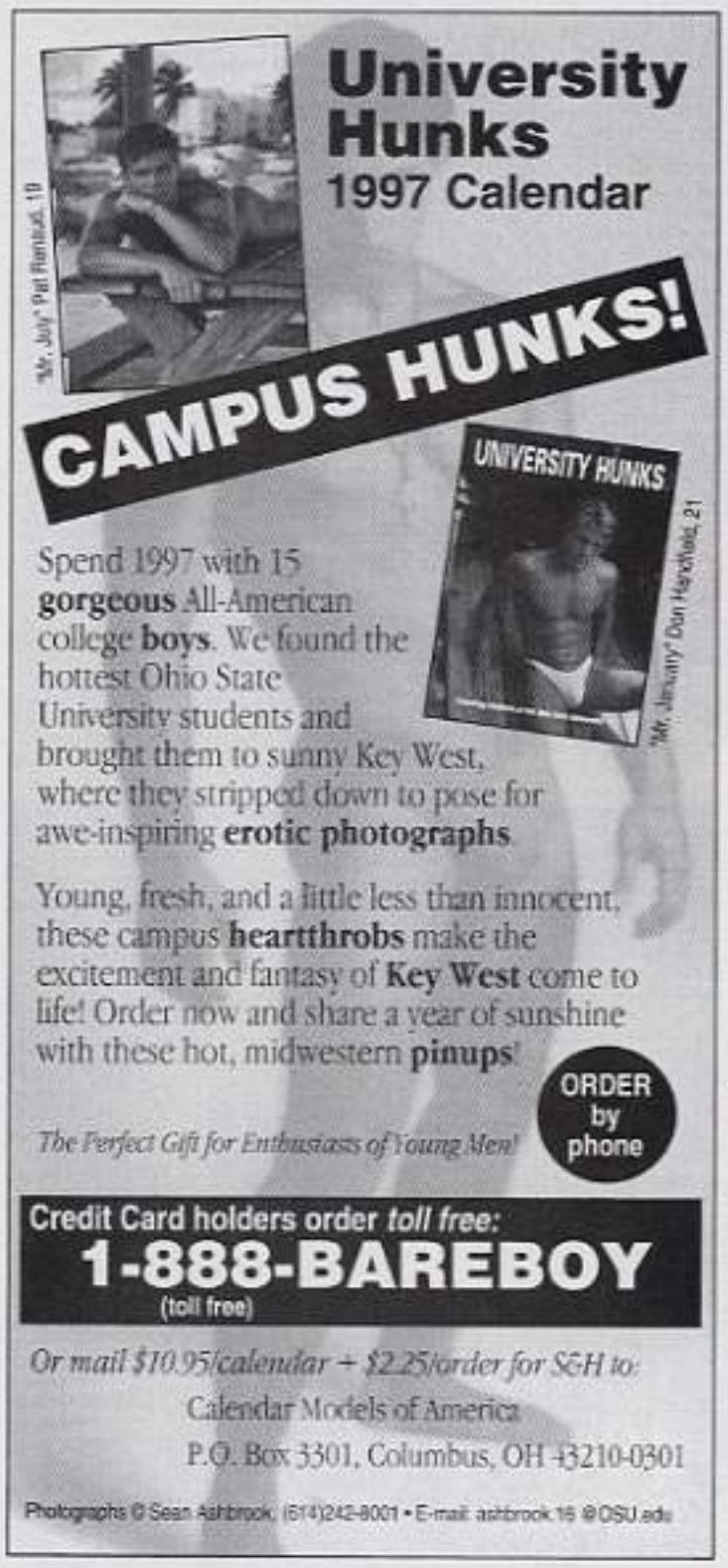
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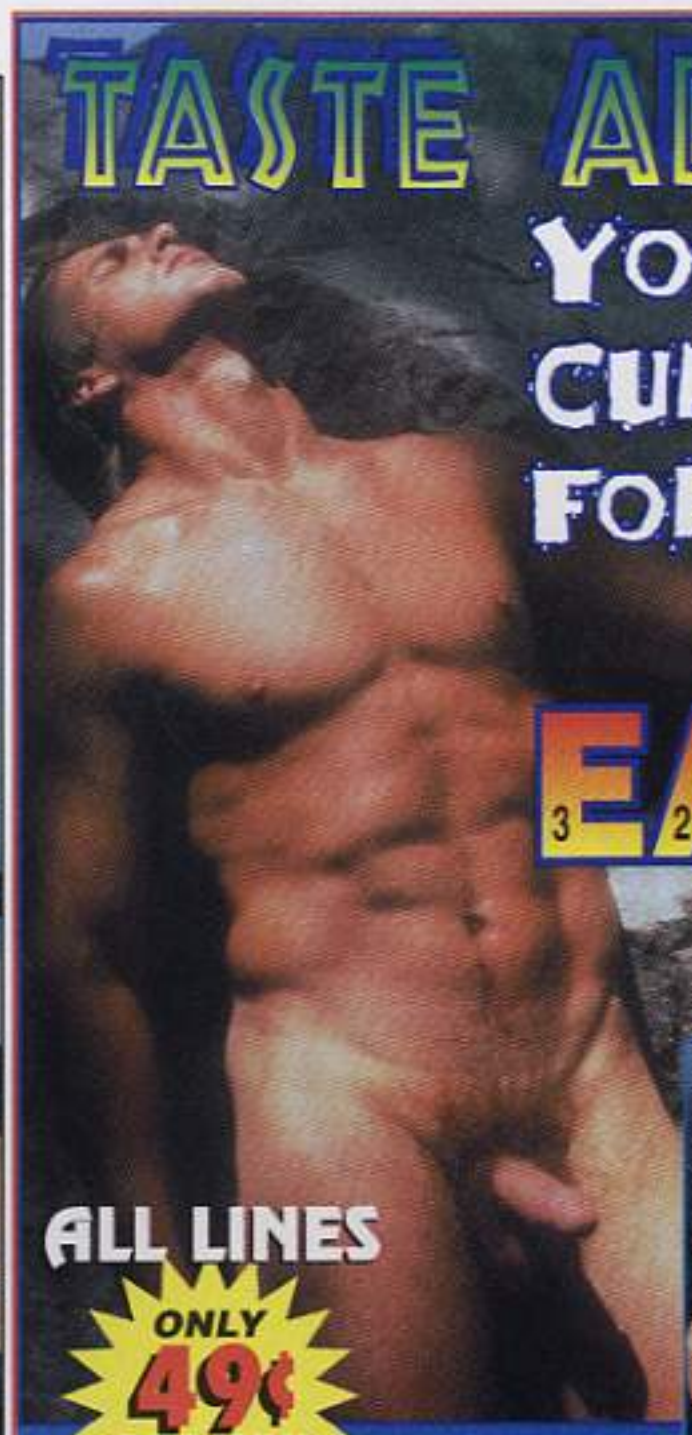

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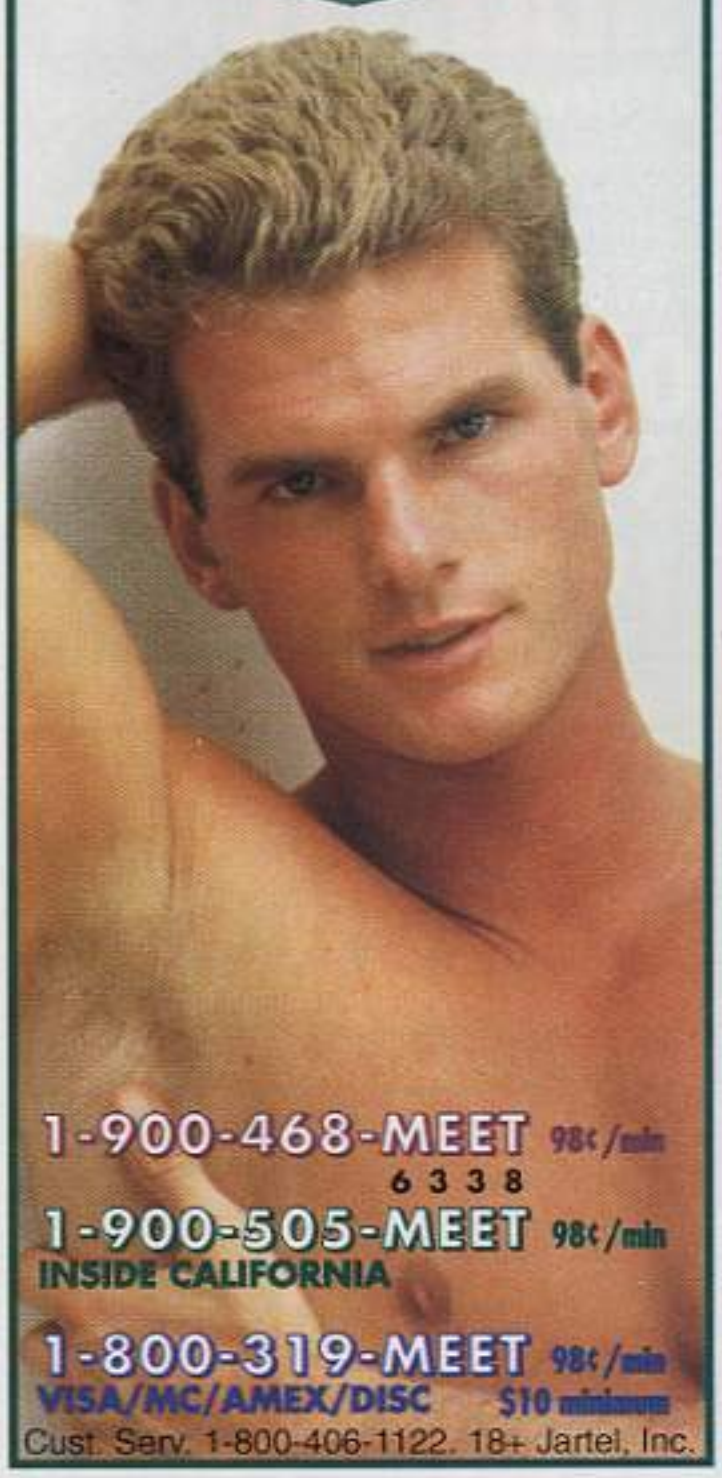

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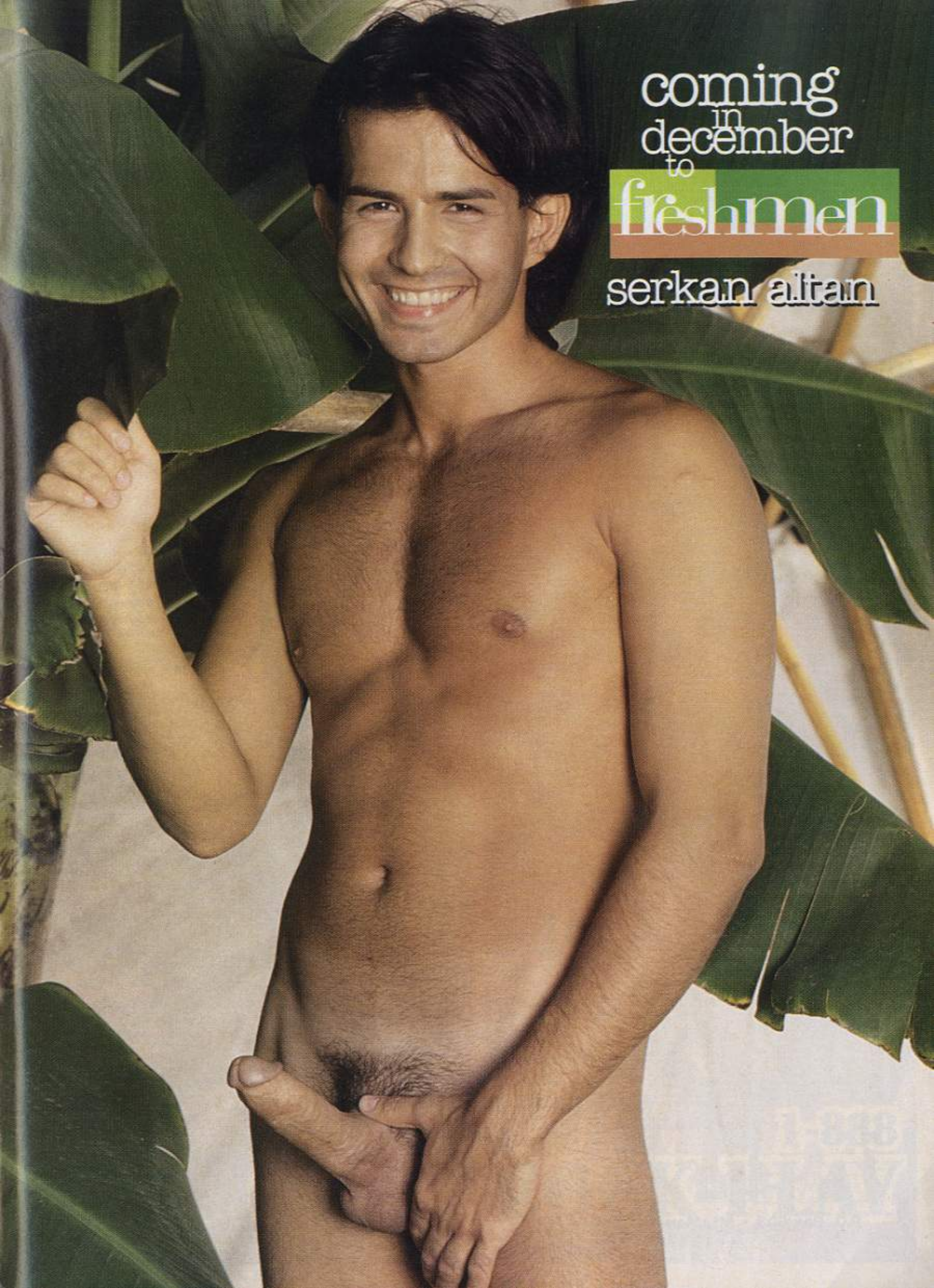
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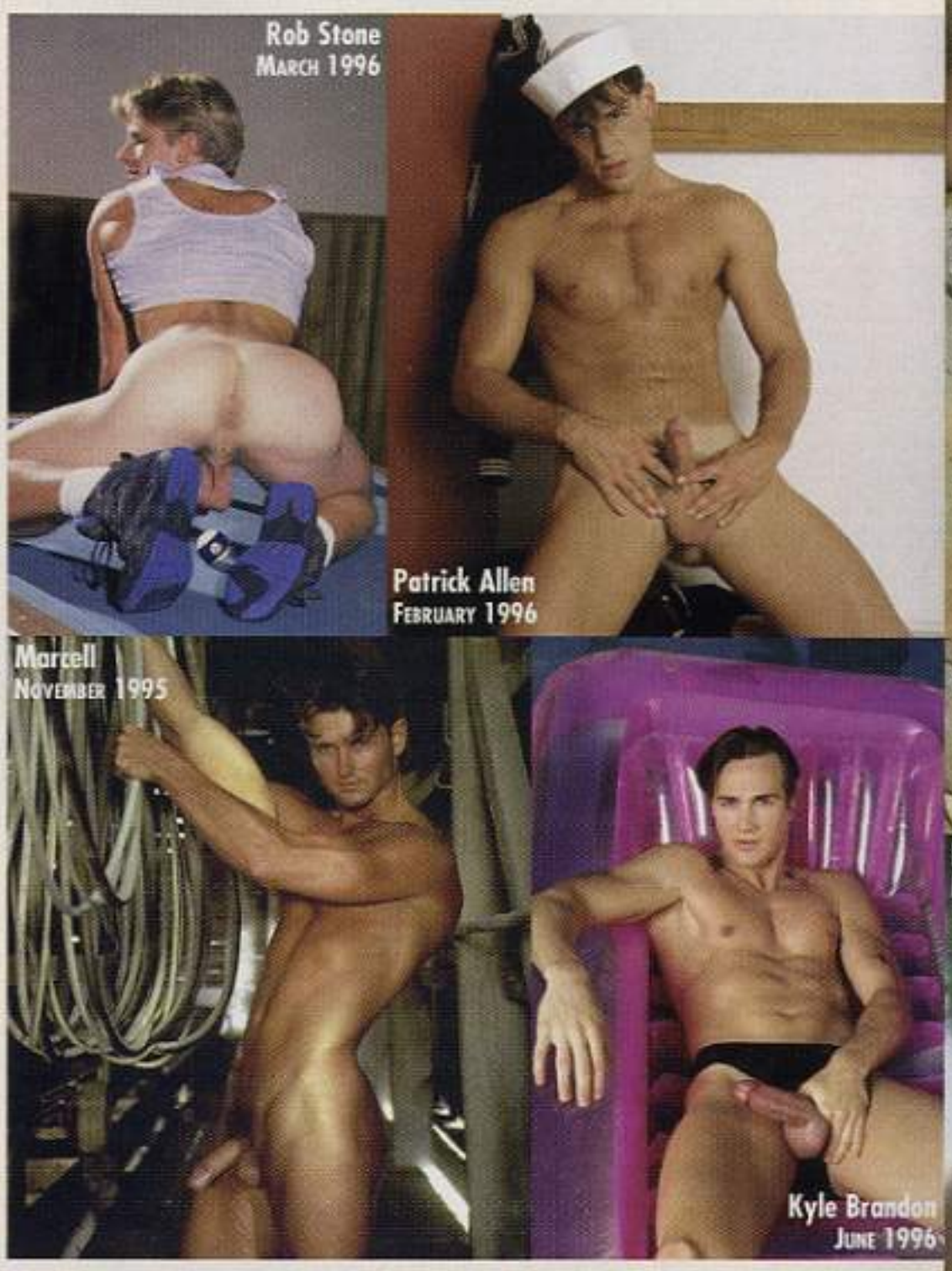

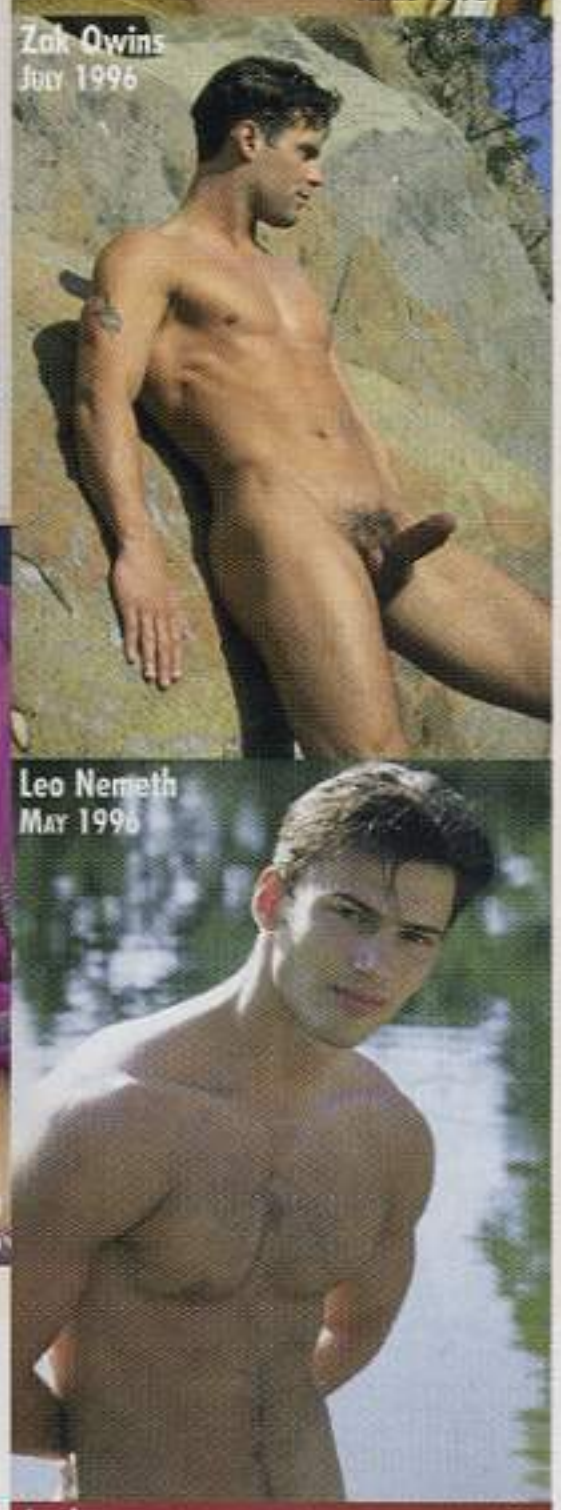

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__ **June 1996** (9606) Models: Brett Winters, Kyle Brandon, Mick Steele, Grant Fagan — Major Meat: Max Grand

__ **July 1996** (9607) Models: Sky Thompson, Zak Owins, Ion Davidov, Paul Marsden — Major Meat: Ryan Wagner

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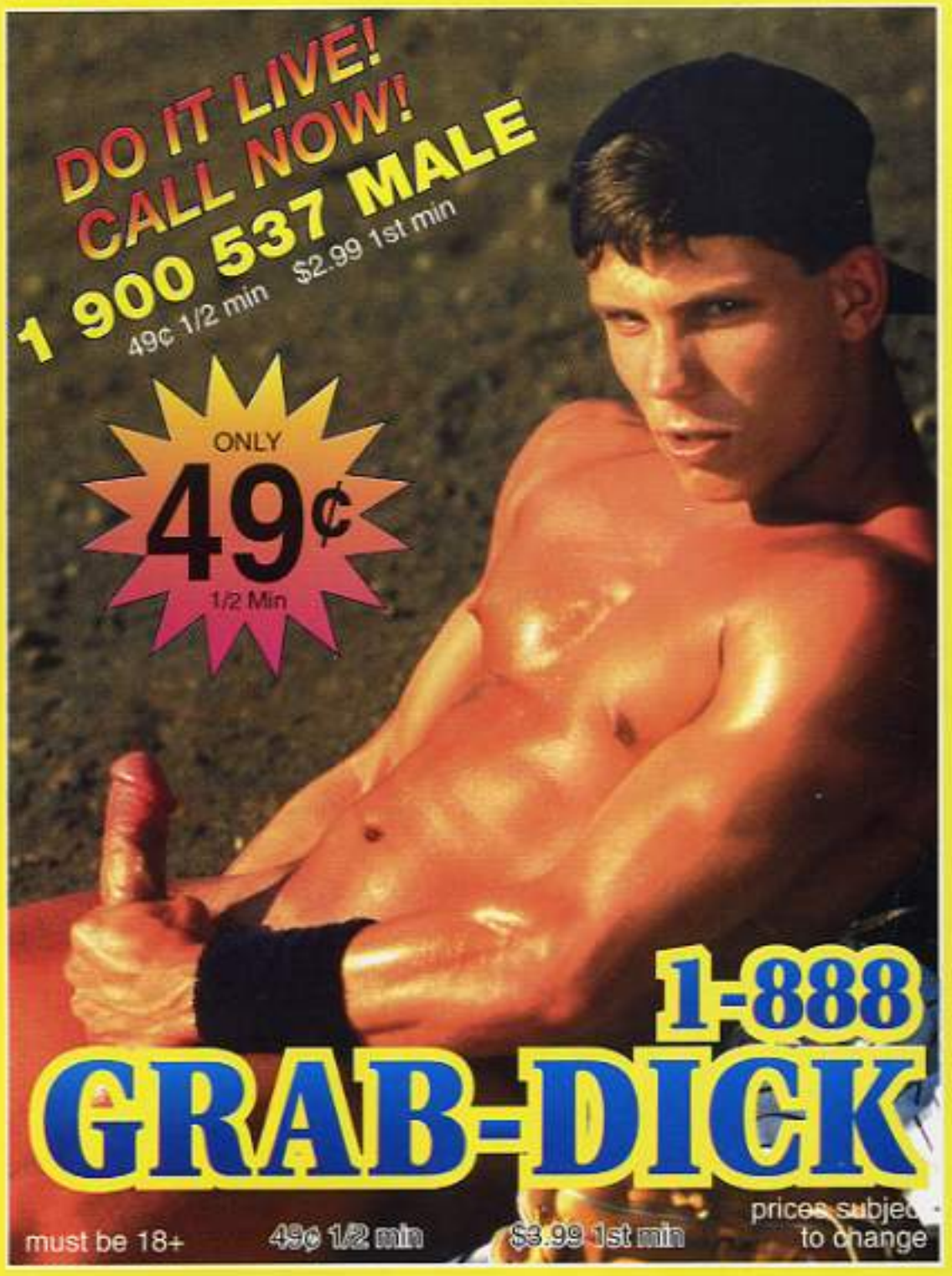

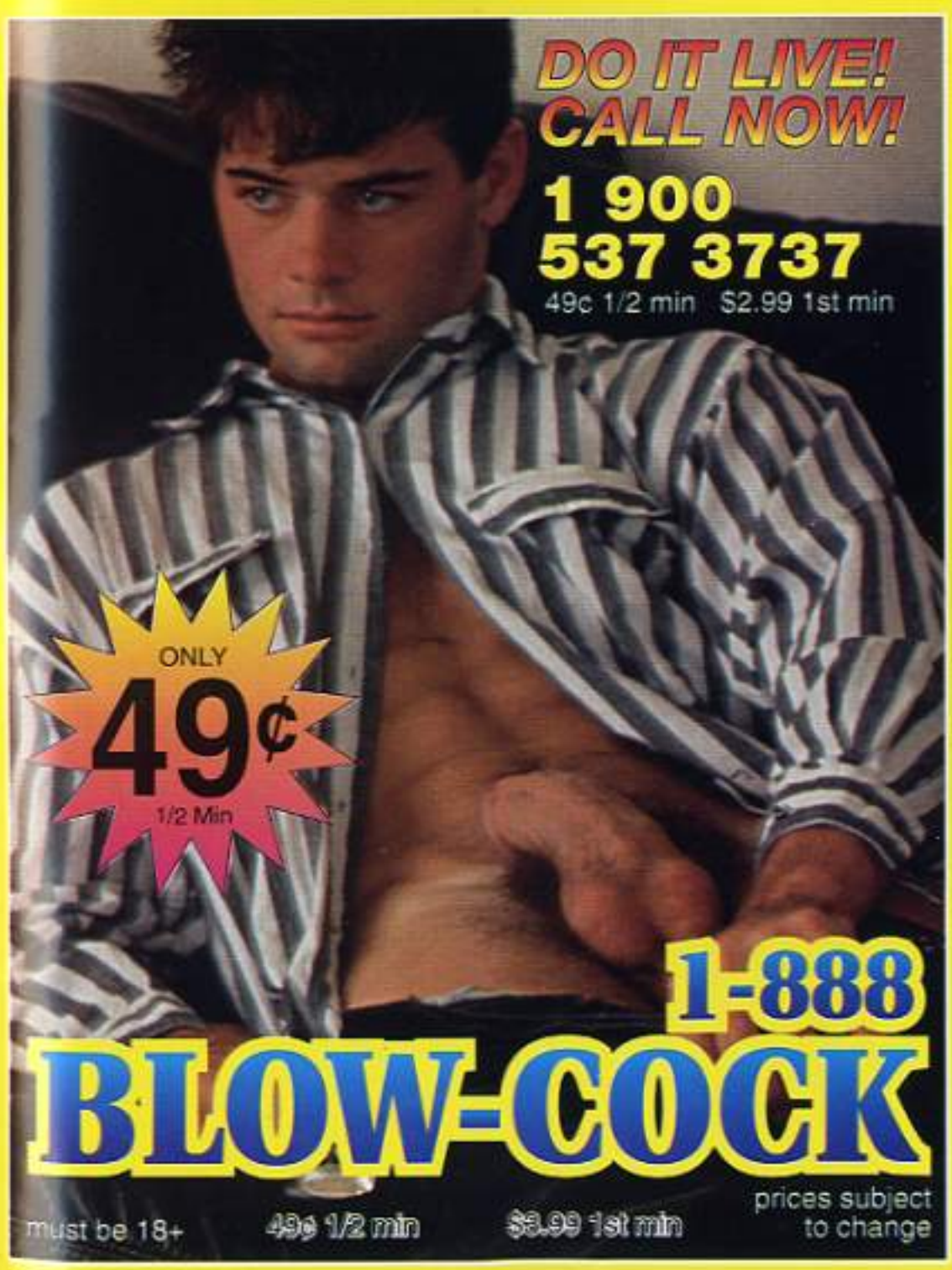

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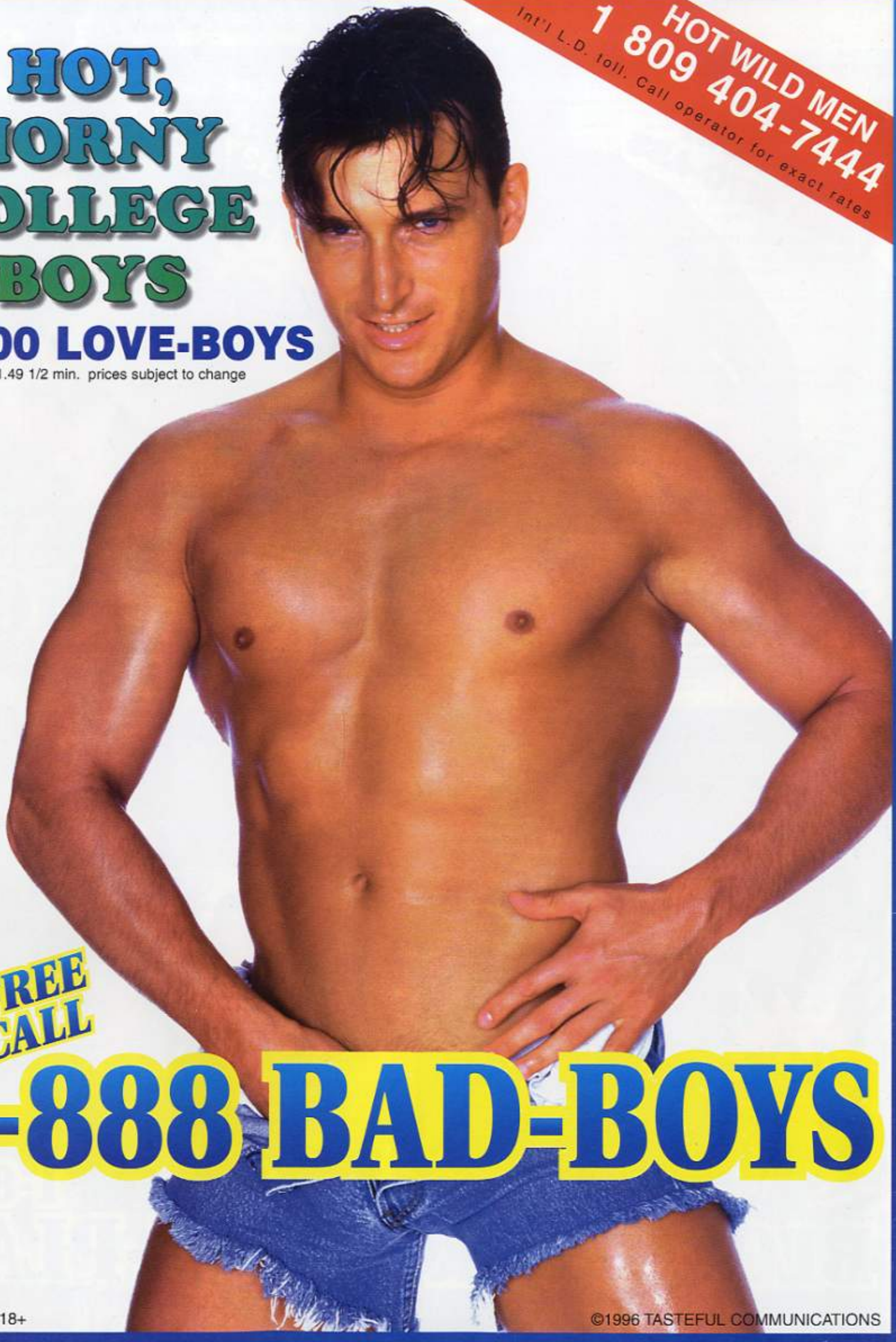

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